SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Stanzas.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Oh! tell me not of brighter lands,
Where zephyrs woo the bulbul's song;
Of orange groves and myrtle bowers,
Whose perfume floats the air along
Of birds within whose thrilling notes,
The voice of love rings clear and deep;
By gushing founts and silver streams,
Beside whose margins willows sleep.
I heed not that they fairer are,
Than that, in which my spirit dwells,
And care not, tho' there charms may be,
More powerful than a thousand spells
To me the home of early days,
Forsooth smiles as bright and gay;
As those, whose every breath is song,
Far, far away.

Oh! tell me not that beauty's glance,
Is bathing and more lustrous there;
Or that her cheek a richer hue,
A deeper charm may lightly wear.
Their teeth of pearls, their eyes of blue,
Whose lustre could outvie a star;
May beam on those who love to read,
Such thrilling splendors from afar.
To me one eye is brighter yet,
One blue eye is a gem of worth,
And that is hers, whose kindly beam,
Were summer to my lonely hearth
For her, my love may ne'er decay
Tho' far away.

Sweet girl, whose smile alone may move,
My spirit to a dream of love:
Whose every breath is far more sweet,
Than that where gales of fragrance meet,
I will not rend one thought from thee,
No! not for all the charms they sing—
Tho' gems of beauty they might bring,
No! thine the spell my heart to bind
The charm of virtue and of mind,
A gem more rare, more lustrous far
Than that, which decks the morning star,
By thee my spirit has been won,
And, lady, bends to thee alone,
A love from thee, that ne'er may stray
Tho' far away.

Philadelphia, Oct. 10th, 1840.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

Cruizing in the Last War.

No. XIV.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
Childe Harold.

The Escape.

The appointed time at length came for the appearance of old Hannibal, yet moment after moment, and hour after hour passed, and he came not. I knew not what to think. Could he have betrayed us to the pirates? The suspicion, though opposed to all my knowledge of his character, grew stronger as the tide rose, and he still did not make his appearance. The threat of the pirates dwelt on my memory. If not rescued before morning, we should meet an ignominious death, and that, too, without hope of rescue. The blood chilled at my heart when I reviewed our situation. My companions sat silently around the room, some unquietly gazing at the door, as if our executioners were already coming; some moodily looking at the patch of sky discernible through the casement, at which I had stood when conversing with the negro, and all anxiously watching to catch the slightest sound which might betoken the approach of our expected deliverer. But save the sluggish ripple of the waves in the lagoon, or the rustle of the heavy foliage of the mango, we could distinguish nothing.

At length it was three o'clock. Hope was almost gone. For more than an hour I had stood beside the window, cautiously screened from observation from without, though able to discern the approach of any one desirous of addressing us at the casement, but now, worn out with watching, and hopeless of succor at this late hour, I was about retiring when I heard a low whisper outside.

"Hark dere—massa—old Hannibal here at last," said a well known voice under the window.

So painfully acute was the hearing of my companions that every man started to his feet at once. I beckoned to them to remain quiet, while I answered the negro.

"Is every thing ready? how shall we escape?"

"Must git out of dis window old Hannibal suspec—he hab bring dis rope to slide down wid—will massa make him fast?"

Few words were said until the whole of our company had silently reached the ground, when turning to our guide, I asked him in a whisper whither we were bound.

"Dis way—massa—" said he, looking up a moment, at the now obscured moon, and then leading us through a thick grove of mango trees. We followed breathlessly, fearful at every step lest we should be detected by the sentinels posted at intervals around the huts, which we could just see, dark and shadowy to the right, while the delicate tracery of the brig was painted fainter than a spider's web, upon the dusky background. But happily there was no alarm.

"Me been waiting for de moon to go behind him cloud all dis time, but him berry much like my old wife I hab long time ago—for he always hab his own way, ha! ha!—but we now 'scape dem dam pirates, and please God me neber hab any thing to do wid dem again."

Our road lay through an almost impenetrable thicket, and though our flesh was often sadly lacerated by the thorns, we pushed on with the consciousness that life was before and death behind us, old Hannibal keeping up his loquacity, and forcing many a loud laugh from us as we got farther and farther from the pirate's haunt. At length we reached the shore, after an hour's hard struggle, during which we had come about three miles. The negro had selected it as the most easy point of embarkation, knowing, moreover, that a barge was always kept secreted there in a thick grove near the shore. With light hearts we sprang in. I took the helm. The men seized the oars, and with a hearty, though involuntary cheer, we shot out into the bay.

Never shall I forget my sensations when we rounded the cape at the foot of the estuary, and in the full, unclouded light of the moon, beheld the frigate lying to in the offing, while the schooner was discernible a short distance on her thither quarter, looking like some fairy barque, half seen in the shadowy light. We were free. There was the flag of my country, our danger and privations were over, and a few moments more would place us, unfettered, on the deck of the avenging ship. The excitement of my own mind was shared by the men, and the barge shot along beneath their sturdy arms with a velocity rivalling the elevation of their feelings. We were soon under the quarter of the frigate.

"Boat ahoy!" came sailing on the breeze from the frigate.

"Prisoners escaped from the pirates," I shouted back, scarcely knowing what answer to make.

"Come to under the quarter," answered the voice, and directly afterward, by the tap of the drum, and the rattling of musketry, borne faintly to us across the night, we learned that the mariners were mustering on deck. A few vigorous strokes brought us to the side of the man-of-war. I was on deck almost as soon as we touched.—Captain Henley would have followed me, but a marine ordered him back into the boat; and I noticed that several men stood ready with shot to heave into the barge in case of a stratagem. I stepped forward.

"These precautions are scarcely necessary for us, I hope," I began with a smile, turning to the officer of the deck.

"By Jove," interrupted the person addressed, springing forward and grasping my hand, which he shook till it ached again—"by Jove, is that you, Danforth?"

"I believe so, Jackson," said I, "if I have any knowledge in my own personal identity."

"But where in the deuce did you come from—not from those cursed bucaniers?"

"Yes—but here is a whole crew of escaped prisoners in my barge—let them be taken on board, and I'll tell my tale at leisure—It's a long and strange one."

"It must be, by the tongs of St. Dunstan," answered the lieutenant, as we walked aft together.

I will not detail the surprise of the old commodore, or my late officer, Captain Drew, or of the whole ward-room mess at my adventures, since the parting of the two schooners in that fearful squall.

They had news almost as strange, however, to tell me, and it was that peace had been declared. They were now on a return cruize to the United States, when falling in with the piratical brig, they had determined to follow and ferret out her retreat. The repulse, on the preceding evening, had only inflamed the squadron, and an attack was contemplated, by a much larger force, on the ensuing night.

"You have just returned upon us, and so unexpectedly that you are entitled," said the old commodore, as he, with Captain Drew, the English officer and myself, sat at breakfast in his cabin, "to some repose. However, if you would prefer a brush against those rascals, your post as lieutenant of the Storm, will give you the command of a boat in the contemplated attack. We have not yet assigned the separate commands, and your coming will not interfere with any one," and he looked me full in the face.

I thought a moment of the pirate captain's hospitality to myself personally, but recollecting that I might, perhaps, be of service to him in case we were victorious, and feeling a strange interest to learn something of his history, I determined to go.

"Just as I thought," answered the commodore, when I had signified my choice, "and now, gentlemen, let us visit Mr. Sands—poor fellow, he is sadly wounded," and with these words he led the way to the couch of the sick lieutenant.

During the day, however, the plan of attack was altered, the commodore determining to begin it early in the evening. For this purpose our party was divided into two parts, one destined to pull up the streights, and the other to land at the point where we had embarked, and following the same path by which we had escaped, to surprise the pirates. In order, however, to drive in the lookouts, who were plainly visible reconnoitering from the cape of the estuary, it was determined that the whole party should set out at sunset together, when, after having effected this primary purpose, the two divisions should separate.

The sun was just sinking behind the low, sandy island, when we left the little squadron with three hearty cheers, and pulling rapidly for the outer cape soon saw the light skiff of the look-out scudding away up the bay like a sea-gull on the wing. In a short time it disappeared in the streight, when lying to on our oars to receive our final orders, and then silently bidding adieu to our comrades, the two boats destined for the surprising party, one of which was under my command, shot rapidly across the estuary.

Evening had closed in before we lost sight of the coast, and the shadowy outline of the little squadron formed a prominent background as, entering a thick grove upon our right, we began our silent march. Each man was ordered to reconnoitre his arms, when we proceeded at a rapid pace.

"Hist," said Lieutenant ——, to me, as we approached, undetected, after an hour's march, the grove of trees into which Hannibal had first plunged on the night before, "hist—was that a man's voice?"

We listened eagerly for a moment, but could distinguish nothing. All was still. The stars glimmered faintly through the thick mango leaves, and by their light I could see the determined faces of our brave fellows, as they stood motionless in the shadowy twilight. A light breeze rustled through the leaves overhead, while the hum of an insect was occasionally heard. Now and then the dull splash of the neighboring surf came borne on the night breeze to the ear. But all else was still. Well was it that the bucaniers dreamed not of the ambuscade so nigh them, or we might have been sacrificed to their fury before our companions could come up. We had expected them at this very moment, but some unavoidable delay had detained them. Our situation was perilous in the last degree. To advance unassisted to the attack would be certain ruin, while to wait for our comrades was little less dangerous. There was no alternative, however. The order was passed in a whisper down the line, and each man involuntarily feeling his weapon, we paused under that leafy canopy to await the expected attack from the streights.

"Hark!—there they go—but how the deuce can the fighting be in that quarter?" said my superior to me, as a sharp firing was heard upon our right.

"They are carrying the battery," said I, as the conviction flashed upon me, that a desperate stand had been made by a strong party there, who were now contending with our colleagues.

"What shall we do?" whispered the lieutenant to me, "by G—, I shall hardly be able to keep myself in and obey orders, much less the men."

"We must do it though—keep cool here," said I, to my own crew, "wait till the order is given—keep cool."

The men stood for nearly five minutes impatiently chafing at their restraint, fingering their weapons as if they could scarcely keep themselves from rushing forth from their covert and joining in the melee. At the end of that time, however, the firing ceased below—a few straggling shots only followed—then a cheer rung out lustily from the frigate's boats, and in another instant the defeated pirates were heard rushing pell-mell through the underwood toward us. Their path lay directly across our hiding place—a moment's delay would bring them upon us. Farther concealment was impossible. We determined to take advantage therefore of our position, and by charging them in time to convert their flight into a rout.

"Ready—to your places my men—all ready."

A low muttered "aye, aye, sir," passed growling along our line of sea-dogs; and in another moment a band of about fifty pirates came marching swiftly but steadily right across our front. The starlight just betraying their frowning countenances, bloody garments, and ghastly weapons, revealed to us the desperate character of their late contest; but if any other evidence had been wanting, it would have been afforded in the presence of large numbers of wounded men, supported, and even carried by their comrades. It was a breathless instant when they emerged into the light, a short distance ahead of us. The leaders rapidly traversed our front. But scarcely had one half of their followers passed when the lieutenant shouted,

"Charge—follow me," and, like an avalanche, our little band swept down upon the flanks of the foe. Never was a rout so complete. Pierced in the centre, taken completely by surprise, burdened with their wounded companions, dispirited by their late defeat, the pirates made scarcely any resistance, but broke and fled, our whole party pursuing them at the top of our speed, and cheering lustily as they drove them before them. The slaughter was terrible. After a short time a few of the most desperate attempted to rally; but they might as well have made the endeavor at the cannon's mouth. Our men gave no quarter, as none was asked. Onward we pushed, over fallen timber, through tangled morasses, along the wide arcades of the forest, with an enthusiasm only equalled by the terror of our foes. At length we reached the end of the grove, and burst upon the encampment.

I have forgot to mention that with the exception of a few huts, there were no habitation whatever around. A kind of fort, however, stood near the shore. This would afford a shelter to the pirates, and thither they all rushed madly, our brave fellows pursuing them as rapidly in the rear. I had but time to see, at a short glance, that our boats were already opening their fire on the brigantine. We had, therefore, nothing to contend with but the routed pirates, now reduced to half their number, and those of their companions who might be within the fort. These thoughts had just flashed through my mind, when a volley came rattling on our rear from the fort.

"On—on—dash up my brave fellows and enter pell-mell with the scoundrels," I shouted.

And on we went. Already we were mingled with the flying foe. The door was gained. Those within rallied around it, to favor the entrance of their friends. I dashed forward. Taffrail was close behind, and several powerful fellows around. At this moment a huge, black-haired freebooter sprang out of the entrance and levelled a blunderbuss. Even the bravest shrank aghast. A bold, daring topman before me paused a moment, however, like a tiger, to eye his foe, and then sprang upon the throat of his antagonist. As if by mutual consent all paused to gaze upon the contest. It was fierce and desperate. Now one and now the other had the advantage. The blunderbuss went off in the struggle, leaving its contents in the earth at the feet of the combatants. At length the pirate seemed to prevail, for slowly bearing, with his huge strength, his antagonist to the ground, he had drawn a large knife from his sheath and was about plunging it into the side of the topman, when I sprang forward, and with a blow of my cutlass disabled his arm. At that very instant a pirate plunged his dagger into the topman's bosom. His hold relaxed—his jaw fell back—he rolled over a ghastly spectacle at my feet. The wounded freebooter sprang to his feet, and drew a pistol from his girdle. Both of mine had been already discharged in the melee, and I thought my last minute had come; but just as he had raised it to fire, a flash streamed before my eyes, and my huge antagonist reeled to the earth, shot dead by the pistol of old Taffrail.

"I thought I might want the old barker," coolly said the quarter-master, "give it to 'em, boys—on, press on—press on."

The dead man was an awful spectacle. The blow of my cutlass had completely severed the right arm, and the blood was spouting from the arteries like the jets of a fountain, while a single black spot at the side of his eye, from which oozed the thick gore, told where the bullet had entered. The expression of his face—oh! God—I think I see it now, so awful, awful, awful.

But it was no time to gaze idly on the fallen. The shouts of the combatants; the shrieks of the wounded; the clashing of cutlasses; the explosion of fire arms; the curses of the infuriated freebooters, and the sharp rattling of grape shot, heard at fitful intervals, rising over the din from our comrades attacking the brigantine, drove every thing from the mind, except the instinct of self-preservation. It was a desperate conflict. Now the pirates yielded in the doorway, and now our brave fellows swayed suddenly backward. All distinction of party was lost. It became a struggle of personal prowess, and the fight was maintained hand to hand, and foot to foot. At length I saw signs of yielding in the enemy. All this could not have occupied ten minutes.

"Forward—once more, my brave lads—forward—huzza for the stars and stripes," I shouted, dashing furiously into the midst of the dense crowd, blocking up the doorway.

"Forward—forward—huzza for old Marblehead," roared a sturdy fellow pressing after me, supported by my brother lieutenant, and the whole body of the men.

The charge was decisive. Clearing every thing before us, we pierced the crowd in two, and after a desperate struggle, rushed into the fort pell-mell, with our antagonists. The contest was soon terminated. In less than a quarter of an hour we were in undisturbed possession of the fort, having bound the few pirates who had not been killed or wounded in the melee.

It was not till this moment that I could find time to look at the situation of our comrades on the lagoon, but when I did I saw that they had been some minutes in possession of the brigantine, and that the American ensign was now fluttering from the gaff; while the thick bank of smoke floating lazily down to leeward, along the surface of the sluggish lagoon, showed how fierce had been the cannonade on the part of the pirates.—But nothing could resist successfully the resolution of our men. They had carried her decks amid a storm of grape shot, which sank one of our boats, and mowed down almost a third of these brave fellows. The slaughter had been terrible. Oh! bitterly had their butchery been avenged on the bucaniers. Scarcely a man of them was left alive.

I was listening to these details from a midshipman, about a half an hour after the victory, when a messenger arrived from the brigantine, requesting my immediate presence there, as the leader of the freebooters was dying, and had requested to see me. Amid the hurry and excitement of the struggle, I had altogether forgotten this singular individual. But I now hastened to obey his summons. I learned, in answer to my hasty inquiries, that he had been mortally wounded in the side at an early period of the fight, and that the momentary indecision, consequent on his fall, by affording our men a successful opportunity to board, had really caused the capture of his vessel.

The dying man was lying extended on the deck, his head reposing on a shattered gun carriage, when I mounted the side of the brigantine. His brow was damp and pallid, and a settled expression of agony was on his features. His eyes were closed. His mouth was rigidly compressed, as if he was struggling to endure his pain without complaint. At times, however, its corners would work convulsively, and a rapid twitch shoot across his countenance. His throat and breast were bare, and until within a moment, a rough, though kind hearted sailor, had been engaged in bathing them with vinegar. The respiration of the dying man was short and quick, heaving his fine chest up convulsively, and often slightly parting his mouth, despite its rigid compression; while occasionally the fingers of his right hand worked involuntarily, as if the agony of the sufferer was insupportable. As I approached him, he seemed to recognise me, for opening his eyes faintly, he gazed languidly on me. I knew not how to open the conference. I paused irresolutely.

"You have come—at—last," said the dying man, speaking between his teeth, and with difficulty, "the game is—is—up."

As I knew not what to say I sat down by his side, and taking the cup from the sailor, began to bathe the forehead of the dying man.

"I—I wanted—to tell you—that I do not blame you for this attack," said he, "it was done in self-defence—for—my—men—had resolved to ha—ng you. I could not have prevented it—besides—your oath to the service," and here his voice strengthened, "left you no alternative, and as a man of honor you were bound to put down my gang of—of—it must be said—pirates."

"Captain," said I, interrupting him, "I beg you to think no more of this. You are dying—you know your situation as well as I do—have you no preparation to make for that awful event?"

The dying man turned his fast glazing eye upon me, and while a smile of scorn, if scorn that can be called which partook as much of agony as of contempt, he said almost fiercely,

"Talk not to me of preparation—have I lived to die a death like this, with the hope of preparing for it now? No," said he energetically, half rising upon one arm, while for a moment, all its old fire flashed from his eye—"prate to boys and women of another world. I believe it not—I never believed it—there is no such thing—yet it is a fearful venture," continued he, abstractedly, in a lower tone, faintly attempting to lift his hand to his brow, "and who knows but, after all, my mother may have been right when she took me on her knee and taught me to say my prayers. I haven't remembered them for years. Oh! God, little did she think I should ever die thus. But it is better," he said, after a momentary pause—"have I not saved my body from ignominy. But I am wandering—what was I saying?" he added abruptly, turning toward me, with an eye, in which delirium was already gleaming.

"I am dying, am I?" he broke out again fiercely, "and they talk to me, *me* of mercy, when my hand is red with the blood of innocence, and my heart is blacker than that of a fiend. Oh! God, what will become of me!—where is Charlotte?" he continued in a softer tone. It was evident that his senses wandered. "She was to have been mine, but she deserted the younger for the older son—she has won a barony. Ah! but I was revenged."

We gazed mutely at each others faces, while by these broken words, the awful revelation of the dying man's guilt was going on. He continued. "How her face haunts me! I—I, the murderer. Oh! God, keep her away—she is beckoning me—she is dragging me down with her—away, away—I will not, I cannot die," continued he, half starting up again, and gazing wildly around him.

I laid my hand gently on his arm. He looked me full in the face a moment, and a vague consciousness of the truth appeared to struggle with his fevered fancies. If so, it passed like a sun-cloud from the troubled firmament. He was once more in the power of the wild fancies playing in his brain. But this time the scene was altered. He was in the tumult of the battle.

"Ho! there," he shouted, in a voice that thrilled every bosom, "fling out the black flag and bid them defiance. They have outlawed me—I will give them a return. Call all hands—to quarters—to quarters—away there boarders—follow me." and raising his arm from his side, as if to wave a sword on high, he ejaculated in broken accents, growing fainter and fainter, as life ebbed away, "on—ward—on—wa—ard—on—on—o—o—n," and with a low, tremulous cadence; a death agony flitting across his face; a convulsive quivering of his body, his head fell back, his arm dropped rigid at his side, and with his errors, misfortunes and crimes, the outlawed leader passed to his last account.

Save the broken fragments of his history, revealed in that terrible delirium, I never learned any thing certainly of his life. Years afterward, however, I was told of some matters in the private history of a noble English family, which gave some corroboration to the wild declaration of the dying man, and led me to suspect that the younger son of Lord ——, an officer in the Royal Navy, who had suddenly disappeared when arrested on a charge of murdering his brother's wife, and whose subsequent career was lost to his family, was no other than the pirate leader. It was said, though of this I never obtained any positive confirmation, that the young officer had been betrothed to a beautiful cousin, before entering upon a cruise in the early part of the French Revolution, and that, upon his return, and finding her married to his wealthier brother, he had murdered her in a fit of mingled jealousy and rage. Whether it was so or not God only knows. Those who might have thrown light upon the subject were either in their graves, or protected from intrusive inquiries by near relationship to the unfortunate parties.—But there is a day coming when this, with many another dread secret, shall appear to the eyes of all.

The Close of the Year.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Gone! gone forever! Like a rushing wave,
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being, and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.
The gay Spring,
With its young charms, has gone—gone with its leaves;
Its atmosphere of roses, its white clouds,
Slumbering like seraphs in the air; its birds,
Telling their loves in music; and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks,
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.
And Summer, with its dews and showers, has gone;
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud,
Like Spirits of the Storm; its peaceful lakes,
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
And overhanging sky; and its bright mists,
Resting upon the mountain tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone, with all its deeper glories; gone
With its green hills, like altars of the world,
Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their God;
Its cool winds, straying 'mid the forest aisles
To wake their thousand wind-harps; its serene
And holy sunsets, hanging o'er the West
Like banners from the battlements of Heaven;
And its still evenings, when the moon-lit sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great Universe. Ay, these are now
But sounds and visions of the past; their deep,
Wild beauty has departed from the earth,
And they are gathered to the embrace of Death—
Their solemn herald to Eternity.

Nor have they gone alone. High human hearts
Of Passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast, that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal. Joys, that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free
In life's young morn to look upon the flowers—
The poetry of nature—and to list
The woven sounds of breeze and bird and stream
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope,
That roved for ever on the buoyant winds,
Like the bright starry bird of Paradise,
And chanted to the ever-listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the open sky until
Night's burning gems seemed jewelled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
Within the voiceless sepulchre. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star
Whose purity and distance make it dear,
And dreamed of ecstacies, until his soul
Seemed but a lyre that wakened in the glance
Of the beloved one—he, too, has gone
To his eternal resting place. And where
Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasped
At Glory's fleeting phantom—he who sought
His fame upon the battle field, and longed
To make his throne a pyramid of bones
Amid a sea of blood? He, too, has gone!
His stormy voice is mute; his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its clod; his very name
Is but a meteor of the night of years,
Whose gleams flashed out a moment o'er the Earth,
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion, beauty's bright array,
And life's deep idol memories—all have passed,
Like the cloud shadows on a star lit stream,
Or a soft strain of music, when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow.

Address
ON THE CHARACTER OF
Lafayette and Washington:

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

AND GENTLEMEN OF THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY,

The events which bring a Nation up, as it were, on one day simultaneously together, to worship near the high altars dedicated by virtuous patriotism to the genius of liberty, and the expansion of the dear rights of mankind, are, of all others, the most ennobling. They constitute the landmarks by which Republics are guided in their career; they furnish the test whereby men of eminence in a state are tried, and distinguished, or forgotten. On *any* day, connected with the history of a great man who has done good to his country, there teems a consecrated interest. Why is it, that on certain occasions in the experience of every country but those which are purely despotic, the universal heart of the people throbs forth in sympathetic unison; that men and women gather together, the one with their energy and pride of presence, the other with the graces and blandishments, which give superior beauty and glow to existence,—to celebrate, perhaps the release of a continent, an empire, or a section, from bonds and confusion, into brightness, and liberty, and peace, and to remember, with pleasure and pride, the lofty spirits who ministered to so glorious a consummation? Why is it, that on such occasions, even reverence wants language, and the spirit of Eulogy has neither boundary nor curb? It is because, in a just-minded nation, those who mourn, must triumph together; because, where we lament the upright and the lost, we can yet reverence and cherish their example for the living.

In addressing an Association such as that before which I have now the honor to appear, and which combines, with its own title, that of the institution of which it is, in one high sense, a part, it is impossible, that on a day like this, I could perceive, with regard to the distinguished and immortal names of LAFAYETTE and WASHINGTON, a divided duty of remembrance. They were both soldiers of Liberty; both were in the van guard of independence and of freedom; and how few things may be said of the one, which are not equally due to the other! Let it be our task, then, humbly to develope the greatness and the goodness evinced in the course of each; briefly to show forth the high and holy motives by which they were guided—the honorable means and influence they employed in pursuing the advantages of which each was successfully the seeker and guide; and the manner in which, after well-spent lives, they were enabled to look back upon the fruits of their labors with contentment concerning the past, and glorious hopes for the future.

In the College and the Society bearing these two names, there is discernible, in their very *adoption*, the spirit of consistent and faithful freedom. LAFAYETTE and WASHINGTON, though born in different countries, and under different auspices, were yet kindred spirits. They were reapers, sent forth into the abundant harvest-field of revolutionary triumph. Each of these immortal men seemed conscious that he had come into the world, with lofty acts depending on his soul and arm, and which he must fulfil. History tells how they were carried to their completion.

In treating of the character of LAFAYETTE, it has been too much the custom of our writers and speakers to refer, with more particularity and emphasis, to the course of greatness and benefit which he pursued here so brilliantly on American ground, and in the infancy of the American republic,—even when, though a republic in spirit, it had not quite acquired to itself the name. But fondly and gratefully as we may dwell upon those crises and adventures in his wonderful history, there is a double beauty in his earliest and latest efforts for liberty at Home. He was ever on the side of just laws; but against tyranny of every name, he waged perpetual warfare. Of high birth, and exalted, noble connexions, the false chivalry and deceptions of Courts appeared to have no charm for his frank and open mind. His aspirations were of a higher order. Who, in England's history—I speak with no invidious comparisons between that country and France—has appeared with the same outset, blandishments, and inducements to engage in the cause of royal successions, ever turned in his mind, to make them consonant with the cause of freedom, or else to leave them?

When, in the calm surveys of history, Time seems to yield up his trophies, and Death to restore the mouldered victims of his voiceless band; and we read of the crimes that cursed, or the bright deeds that blessed a century, we can draw our comparisons between the man who is merely great from ambition, without being good, or he who is at once, in uniform act and intention, from youth to age, both great and good together. Let us, for example, compare the deaths of Cromwell, or Richard, of Bosworth field, and that of Lafayette at La Grange. Cromwell, full of unquenchable passions, was fierce and desperate to the last; and how died he, who, with Plantagenets, and turmoils, and murders, held his very life a mystery, to be solved as Fate might utter, caring not for deeds of darkness, or a wounded name? Roll back the tide of years, and see him:—the fragrance of Summer is in his nostrils as he gazes through the midnight upon the watchfires of the armies, and hear the armorers accomplishing the knights, and the neighing war-horse waiting for the noise of the captains and the shouting: but his spirit is ill at ease; the merit of defeat which is due him, he knows full well: and the light of his star has a baleful significance, as he sinks to his troubled rest. *Then,*

Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering!
There flit the slaves of Conscience round,
With boding tongue foul murders numbering—
Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
At his own dull scream! behold him waking!
Hark! the trumpet's warning breath,
Echoes round that vale of death.
Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdaining shield,
The panting tyrant scours the field.
Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
The scourge of earth, the scorn of Heaven—
He falls—unwept and unforgiven,
And all his guilty glories fade.
Like a crushed reptile in the dust he lies,
And hate's last lightnings quiver from his eyes!

Thus perished one of the most famous dukes of England! How did the Marquis of La Grange expire? As the setting sun descends to his beautiful evening pavilion, with gorgeous companies of clouds waiting around him, until in the bright waters of the West, he sinks to "where his islands of refreshment lie!"

When Lafayette came to America, with a noble apprehension in his heart, that our great crisis could not transact itself without him, his native land was just fermenting into a condition, wherein, if he had been so basely-minded, he might have attained an eminence, commanding half that kingdom. What he did *here*, we know! how he cooperated with the "Saviour of his Country," for her good; the wounds of his green youth, at Brandywine; his coping with Cornwallis, who declared that "the boy should not escape him;" his forced marches to Virginia; the liberality with which he poured out, like water, his treasure and credit for the welfare of those troops, who were but too happy to serve under him; the siege of Yorktown; his repeated return, after his first visit, together with his efforts in Spain to assist the American cause, which peace happily rendered unnecessary:—these facts are but household words, on American tongues. Thank Heaven! they are words that come from the heart, and yet have no gloss of newness, or of monetary show. Let us bear in mind, that on his last return, but one, to France, after being elected to the membership of the National Assembly, he was appointed the Commander-in-chief of the National Guards of Paris, two days after the celebrated attack upon the Bastile. How might the effect of this attack have worked upon the mind of a hero, *wrongly* ambitious?

History answers this question, in the biography of so many persons, that it would demand and deserve volumes to chronicle, either their doings or the consequences of those doings. Recorders or annalists, BAILLY, DUSAULX, BESENVAL; not to name innumerable others, by letter or printed page, kept up the record of that dreadful time, as pictures for posterity. How triumphantly could LAFAYETTE have careered upon that storm—not only with glory, but without danger? And yet, politically speaking, it was, for a season, the *Euroclydon* of France. Even in our far-off western America—"our own green forest-land,"—the scenes of the Revolution in France were familiar to youthful minds, and eyes, and reveries; and the keeper who let forth "The Aged Prisoner, Released from the Bastile," was ranked with Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle, in the "Pilgrim's Progress" of BUNYAN, who accidentally condescended to sleep, or be indifferent, or otherwise engaged, while his victims were departing.

Such were even the rudest notions here, of an event which struck awe through France. It awakens our highest admiration of LAFAYETTE, that while he might have profited in wielding, at this moment, the Parisian populace at will, he sought no power, not justly and purely derived. The flag of France received, at that time, as it were, from his hand, the last emblem of the tri-color, and his prophecy has been fulfilled, that passes in triumph around the world. He had seen, in America, that honest revolution was not disobedient to honest domestic laws; and with that glorious lesson before him, he followed it in practice to the utmost, until his death. He showed, in all things, that he was in very deed, a *republican*. In opposing, with Bailly, the Jacobin club; in swearing, in the name of four millions of National Guards, fidelity to the Constitution; in advocating the extinction of empty titles of nobility, and renouncing his own; in the dungeons of Austria; in his watchful, yet characteristic course with that great captain of his age, Napoleon; in the revolution of eighteen hundred and thirty—and in the serene decline of his many and useful years—who, and how few, of the various military and civic dignitaries, that in Europe has risen, and shone, and fell, have been his parallel?

It has been said by a distinguished and far-reaching spirit of the nineteenth century, that there is that within the life of the humblest mortal, which, well considered, would furnish forth the substance and material of an epic poem. If that be true, that must be a daring mind, a mind of utter leisure, and with a strong and sustaining wing, which would attempt to pour forth, in verse, the deeds of daring and of greatness, of comprehensive benevolence, and Christian virtue, which signalised LAFAYETTE. What an extended and chanceful picture unfolds itself, in connexion with his last visit to our shores! A boundless continent, which, when he had before come among us, was the abode of a terrified population; of wild beasts of prey, and wilder savages, glutting, whensoever and wheresoever they could, their thirst for human blood—had begun to bud and bloom, and blossom as the rose. Cities, towns, and villages, had sprung up to beautify the waste places of the republic; and where streams which might cross the Atlantic, were, beforetime, shadowed with interminable forests, he beheld the smoking chariots of Fulton, gliding in their majesty and might; innumerable marts, gilding and suffusing with life and business, the length and breadth of the land: a *united* people; a sacred constitution; and the prospects of a nation, brilliant beyond the utmost blazon of the pencil—of the pencil. Where the Delaware slept near its springs, in calm tranquillity or overshadowed murmurings, he saw the marks of glorious improvements, linking realm with realm in our confederacy; and her institutions, grants, and intellectual Associations, perpetuating his name.

Let us now briefly turn to Washington. We cannot do the injustice to any here present, to suppose it requisite to particularise the great events in the career of that incomparable man. If this republic ever incurs the charge of being ungrateful to her largest benefactor, next to the Almighty, it will be when it shall be considered *repetition* to venerate his character and laud his deeds. We will not go over the red battle-fields of his country, where he shone in conquest, or signalised his military strategie in retreat. The whole synthesis, so to speak, of his character, was to deserve success, and he ever achieved it. The character of Washington was such that it overawed those who plotted against him, and discomfited his enemies. When he rebuked an Arnold, we seem to see, in that office, the action, and almost to hear the voice of Cicero against the Roman conspirator, while he charged him, in the senate, with having, on the previous evening, at M. Lecca's house, divided Italy into shares with his accomplices—some for the field, and others for the capitol. Washington had the power of making a corrupt ambition quail before him, at the same time that he caused the effects of that ambition, through precept, not through example of his enemies, to operate in his behalf. In this, there was something more than the hero. He, who on the field of battle, could call his indomitable legions, and "perpetual glories round him," in the wars of the republic, could, in his walks of peace, invoke the co-operation and the counsel of the philosopher and the Christian. In the laws of God, he saw and recognised the laws of man. He heard the voice of the people in favor of a course, upon which he could look back, at its close, with satisfaction and with pride; and he recognised it as the voice of Heaven; which first called him to the field of conflict, and crowned his efforts for his country, with abundant success. He never knew what it was to *falter*, in any undertaking. With an estimate of chances in his mind, which bespoke not only the man of caution, but the man of nerve—he shrunk from no enterprise. The result showed that he regarded *the right*, which he was to vindicate, in the truest light. He knew that he was not laboring for himself; the glory that pertained to the performance of genuine duty, he was aware, would accrue to him, in an abundant harvest: but this, with him, was a secondary consideration. So thoroughly was his great mind imbued with the truth, that one who devotes himself rightfully and sincerely to his country, becomes, of consequence, whether successful or unsuccessful, an heir of fame among all the sons of freedom, that he acted always on that principle, in the midst of the severest trials to which his military and civic career was subjected. He replied to calumny with silence; against artful and hidden opposition, with which he triumphantly contended, he opposed only the shield of his own rectitude, and appealed only, as a guaranty for the future, to the past records of his career of glory. While state after state, combined to do him honor; after a brilliant military and civic life, he retires to Mount Vernon, in quest of his much loved repose, which the best of men have ever loved; and like the pure Scipio, on the Cuman shore, addressed themselves in their privacy to the benefit of mankind. In this position as himself did, we have leisure to survey the calm brightness of his nature, and the inestimable value of the services he had rendered to freedom throughout the world. There is an analysis of his character, by his friend and faithful adviser, and the philosopher of his age, the illustrious MARSHALL which has never been surpassed by any American or European pen. Nothing can be added to it without producing tawdry ornament, or blind hyperbole; nothing taken away, without diminishing the wonderful and perfect symmetry of the whole.

"The manners of Washington," he tells us "were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve, when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions, he would relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which, all who approached him were sensible and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship, and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent, but always respectful. His temper was humane, benevolent and conciliatory; but there was quickness in his sensibility to any thing apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and correct. In the management of his private affairs, he exhibited an exact, yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial, though costly improvements; they remained, therefore, competent to that expensive establishment, which his reputation, added to his hospitable temper, had in some measure, imposed upon him, and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence. He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius, constituted the most prominent feature of his character. As a military man, he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage, and a firmness of resolution which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candor will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures, adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country. Placed, without having studied the theory or been taught in the school of experience the practice of war, at the head of an undisciplined, ill-organised multitude, which was unused to the restraints, and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp; without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle, indeed, had his conduct been altogether faultless. But possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered most advisable, were seldom, if ever neglected. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit that no great and decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his actions with his means, will perceive at least as much of Marcellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising, without endangering the cause he defended, nor have put more to hazard, without incurring, justly, the imputation of rashness. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favorable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations, made upon the capacities of his army, and the real situation of his country. When called a second time to command the armies of the United States, a change of circumstances had taken place, and he meditated a corresponding change of conduct. In modelling the army of seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, he sought for men distinguished for their boldness of execution, not less for their prudence in council, and contemplated a system of continued attack. "The enemy," said the General, in his private letters, "must never be permitted to gain foothold on our shores." In his civil administration, as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgement, which is, perhaps, the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate, at a distance, those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed, and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear, without prejudice, all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom, if ever, to be shaken. His conduct, therefore, was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued. Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices, and, though far from being regardless of popular favor, he could never stoop to retain, by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent, which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty. In speculation he was a republican, devoted to the constitution of his country, and to that system of equal political rights on which it is founded. But between a balanced republic and a democracy, the difference is like that between chaos and order. Real liberty, he thought, was to be preserved only by preserving the authority of the laws, and maintaining the energy of government. Scarcely did society present two characters, which, in his opinion, less resembled each other than a patriot and a demagogue. No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case, from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence, than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician, to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments, and to his own countrymen, were always sincere. In him, was fully exemplified the real distinction which forever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance, as well as truth of the maxim, that "honesty is the best policy." If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious or turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the means of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandisement its object. The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice, were unsought by himself; and in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interest would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination.

Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence on his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind. In him, that innate and unassuming modesty, which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it. It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States, under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war, against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances, and of passions could produce; of the constant favor of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him—the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for fame. Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate, discriminating mind, he feared not the laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide; and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examinations, by a fairness of intention, which neither sought nor required disguise, and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected."

Such was Washington: a combination and a form where every human grace and virtue appeared to have set an indelible seal. If we look at the various peculiarities of the various great men, for example, of the ancient republic, we shall find that he embraced the good ones of them all:

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car,
At Battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill,
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.
The clemency of Antonine,
And pure Aurelius' love divine;
In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway,
And stern command
The faith of Constantine—ay, more—
The fervent love Camillus bore,
His native land.

But the crowning glory of Washington's course, was its close. Nothing could be more glorious than such a life, but such a death. Encircled by his family; watched by eyes that loved him, and attended with tender ministrations, his body parted from his soul, and that immortal guest of his earthly tabernacle ascended to Heaven. As that hour approached, his contentment and peace were indescribable. He saw, if his thoughts were then momentarily of earth, through the long vista of coming years, the grandeur and beauty of a new republic, made free by his hand, teeming with all kind of riches, and filling with a virtuous and well-governed people. How beautiful a prospect! We read, of late, of the death of a king of Europe, who, when on his dying pillow, caused a mirror to be placed near his bed, that he might see his army defile in their glittering uniforms before him; an unsubstantial picture—mere shadows on glass, showing in a most striking emblem, how the glory of this world passeth away. But Washington had retired from *his* armies; throughout the land,

"Glad Peace was tinkling in the farmer's bell,
And singing with the reapers:"

and he had no regret in his hour of departure.

Can we scarcely refrain from allowing to that hour, the unutterable splendor of an apotheosis? He had fought his warfare; he had left his testimony for the rights of men, and obedience to Heaven; and is it too much to imagine him looking, at his last moment, toward Heaven, with his dying eyes, and exclaiming with chastened rapture:—

"What means yon blaze on high?
The empyrean sky,
Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending;
I see the star paved land,
Where all the angels stand,
Even to the highest height, in burning rows ascending;
Some with their wings outspread,
And bowed the stately head,
As on some errand of God's love departing,
Like flames from evening conflagration starting;
The heralds of Omnipotence are they,
And nearer earth they come, to waft my soul away!"

The heat of Battle.

How many circumstances occur during the heat of battle which are worth recording for their singularity! Among this number are the following: While I was giving some directions to a sergeant of the regiment, during the time we were under a smart fire from the enemy's guns on the 28th, he was suddenly wheeled about by the effect of a round shot, which struck the end of his knapsack, and, tearing it from his back, scattered the contents of it in the air, without doing him the smallest injury. At the same moment, I received a musket ball, which struck the front of my cravat, which it tore, and, passing under the collar of my coat, grazing the skin of my shoulder, escaped through an aperture of its own making.—Not so fortunate was Lieut. Galway, who, during our first charge, received two musket-balls in his body, from the effect of which I found him, on returning to our ground, lying upon a heap of stones and bleeding rapidly to death. Whilst we were rendering him every assistance (no medical man being with us) we were called away from our exertions by the return of the enemy, and when they were again driven back, and we regained our former ground Lieut. Galway was discovered lying upon his back where we had left him: his pulse had ceased to beat, and life to all appearance had passed away. "Is he beyond all hope, and can nothing be done for him?" inquired one of the party. The reply was, "Nothing—he is dead." At that moment, to our astonishment, he rose upon his seat, and, staring wildly about him with apparent surprise, said "Dead!" It was the last effort of nature: he had no sooner uttered this, than falling upon his back, he died without a struggle.

The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

The following vivid description of the terrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is perhaps, one of the finest passages in his last novel "Henry D. Cozens," noticed among our Reviews a fortnight since. It is interesting to perceive that Mr. James and heroine have just been wedded, prepar atory to leaving France, and that they are not Huguenots.

"I have thought it better, dear Louise," I said as we reached the bottom of the stairs, "that we should both be screened from notice as far as possible, and I have here a man's gown, if you can throw it over your other clothes.—Where is the Count, Andrew?"

He gave it me, and Louise covered her white dress with the gray serge; but as she was in the very act of putting it on, in my surprise I heard the great and remarkably-sweet bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois begin to ring loudly, as if for matins; and scarcely had I heard Louise answer the court case, the sister, when loud shouts were heard from different parts of the town; the bells of the churches were heard ringing; the light of torches and flambeaux was seen advancing from the side of the Louvre; and it was evident that, notwithstanding the profound stillness which lay engaged in the city as I passed along, one part, at least, of the population was up and watchful.

A moment after we heard a loud and piercing shriek in the distance, and Louise, trembling, clung to me with her arm. At first she seemed to think that all this referred to ourselves, that we were discovered, and about to be dragged back; but the cries from every part of the town soon undeceived her; and as I remembered the various little brother of the last three days, the warning of young Martin Vern, the eager and pressing invitation of the prince dauphin, I doubted not some dark and horrible design for the destruction of the Protestants was upon the eve of execution.

Marie Eudon closed the door behind us, and with the other men, sprang to my side; and remembering the caution of the young merchant, I drew Louise on, with scarcely a word, toward her dwelling.

The street in which we were was still nearly vacant, with the exception of the people bearing torches, who were coming from the farther end; but just as we quitted the shadow of the Hotel de Bourbon, a man darted forth from a door way on the other side, crying, "Help! help! Here are Protestants escaping!" and, at the same time he seized me by the arm and seized a blow at my head. He was unarmed, but the voice was that of De Biaye; and he certainly would have cut me down, had not Marie Eudon, always prompt and cool, levelled his pistol at his head and fired. He fell dead upon the spot; but the cry had brought a number of the footmen down at full speed, and I certainly thought that our hour was come.

Marie's wit, however, now stood us, as his ready courage had done. He seemed to comprehend the whole in a moment; and, as his religion never stood in the way of his proceedings, he burst into a loud laugh as the men came up, crying, "That Monsieur de L'Huguenot will need no more. By the mass, if I had not had my pistol, he would have murdered some of us. There, drag him away by the heels in Monfaucon, to punish all enemies of the true church!"

"Brave! brave!" cried the torchmen, taking us for zealous Catholics; and on we hurried after them as close as we could come. But the house of Martin Vern was far off. The streets were beginning to swarm with people; we saw no doors barred open to pillage the houses and massacre the inhabitants, before we reached the end of the street; and Louise could not keep up with the men, whose mistake might still have saved us if we could have gone on in their company. Stopping then, but seldom death seemed to surround us on every side; the only chance was in putting Marie Eudon at the head of our troop; but he was known to many Catholics as well as Protestants, that the first order to unmask would have betrayed all.

As we were loitering the other party at some distance, five or six people came up from the opposite direction, and spoke a moment to those before us. There was a scream with those new accusers; but they stopped, and one man advanced, saying, "Unmask!"

Marie was about to cut him down, but I stopped him, and replied, "Unmask yourself!"

"Hi!" cried the other, "I was seeking you, Monsieur de Bez. We shall have you safe with Matthieu, link yourself with the lady; my men, mingle with their men. Let none of your party be added, in a low tone," unmask; we will do that if need should be. Now, shout, my men, and wave your torches. Up with the Catholic Church, down with the Maheutons!"

"Oh! my father!" my father!" said Louise to me in a low voice; "can we not save my father? Oh, Henry! Henry! think of him!"

I spoke a word upon the subject with the young merchant, but he stopped me sharply ere I could finish my sentence. "I am risking my life by what I am doing even now. Speak not of it! He has a Catholic wife; she will save his house. Come on! come on! You will set such sight as will make you glad of your own lives!"

I whispered to Louise, the hope that he gave me, scanty as it was; and, alas! as we hastened onward, the sights we saw did fully justify that which the young merchant had said.

Before we had gone half a mile, the streets of Paris were the scene of massacre and horror. The whole place was blazing with torches; large pillars of armed men, on foot and on horseback, were scouring the streets, killing every one even suspected of the Huguenot faith; and many a Catholic, too, was slain in the anarchy of the time, who stood between fair estates and greedy relations. Six or seven we saw slain in the short space of three, while the echoing screams of new victims were heard within the houses, a dead body was cast forth into the open windows into the crowd as we were passing. Instantly a crowd of the cuts and saber villains that crowd the alleys and lanes of a great metropolis, gathered round, like vultures round the dead, to share it of its clothing; and often was heard the low groan or faint cry which followed the dagger-stroke that ended what the assassins alone had left unfinished.

As we approached the banks of the river, however, the scene became still more terrible and still more confused. Hundreds of figures, all lost to all the same bloody business, whirled round us in every direction; the cries of the victims; the shouts of their murderers; the breaking in of doors and windows; the occasional discharge of fire-arms; the incessant ringing of bells, the beating of drums, and the sounding of trumpets, combined to raise positively deafening; while the sights that were now presented, so closely as it had been day, made the heart sick with horror, and the soul with indignant grief. In one gateway alone, I saw piled up to many lessons bodies, among which were two women; that the gate could not be shut; and, as I kept my eyes upon the ground, I saw that the gutters flowed red with blood. A little farther on, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age was seen dragging along a naked body by the heels; and further still, a band of a woman pressing out the last breath from the body of a creature like herself, while she tore the rich clothes from her dying limbs.

All that night, and the next, since in the massacre, of a better effect, at least, all that I saw, were crushed; but much happened even close to me that I beheld not at all; for my whole thoughts were taken up with the situation of the dear girl at my side, and I feared every moment that her strength would fail through terror, horror and agitation. Her hung heavily upon my arm it is true, but still she did not give way. With her eyes bent down upon the ground, she hurried on, while the kind girl Marion, though evidently terribly agitated herself, poured strengthening and consoling words into her ear, and supported her on the other side.

Three times we had been stopped and commanded to unmask; but either a single word from young Martin Vern, or Marie Eudon's well-satisfied shout of "Down with the Huguenots!" obtained us a free passage without uncovering our faces.

At length, the long-wished for sight of the Louvre met us, and the merchant Revel, presented itself; but at that very spot we were stopped by a crowd of wild rabble whom no words would pacify, of whom also many young merchants and men of those who were with him pulled their swords off, a furious mass, brandishing a sword, swears that he knew Louise's face, and was calling out to kill her, when Marie Eudon, starting forward, exclaimed, "Ha! Grosgaut! Huguenot! Malvoisin told you not to kill Knock his brains out, Martin! Knock his brains out! He was Coligny's horse-toy at Montcontour, and was taken. Knock his brains out! He is a Huguenot and a traitor! Catholic!"

With his drawn sword in his hand he rushed forward, and before he could be stopped, cut the man down. "By the mass!" cried the crowd, "he cannot among them!" he cried, springing at another man. "Kill them all! Down with the Huguenots!" but the men fled in every direction, and left the street clear.

Young Martin Vern, however, paused and looked angrily upon Marie Eudon, saying, "Thou art a bold servant!"

"It is answered in six words," replied Marie. "The man is what I said. He is Grosgaut, who was Coligny's horse-toy at Montcontour, I swear, I bear, been cutthroat for any one that wanted one here in Paris."

Nobody could contradict him, and on the young merchant hurried on.

Oh! with what joy and satisfaction did I see the great door of the merchant's courtyard close behind us, and hold my poor half-fainting Louise to my heart in a momentary dream of safety! But that dream was quickly dispelled, for I heard one of the men, as pale as death, tell the good youth who had protected us, that the whole plate and jewels of the household were already packed up, and ready for flight. The next moment there was a low rap at the gate, and on looking through the grating, we saw the man who had been left to watch, turn and immediately gave them admission. Martin Vern's face was and and pale, however.

"They refuse to go without me," he said, "on my account," he said, as soon as the door was closed. "Nay, closer up, sweet lady, we will find means to save you. Ah! Andrew, make your self useful now. To-morrow the search will be stricter and more orderly—not less fatal, though. How can we get them out of the city?"

"By the river!" said the girl, eagerly, "by the river! My father's barge, that brought all the gold plate from Rouen, is just at the back of our garden."

"But, to get to the top of your house, Miriam," said the merchant, "they must pass round through that awful street where the blood is flowing like water."

"Over the tops of the houses" cried the girl "over the roof! I know there is a way. See, dear Martin, run round and tell my father to open the door above. I will guide them thither."

The young merchant paused not a moment, and his uncle as eagerly and rapidly led on out upon the tops of their warehouses. Tremendous was the howl and din that rose up from the streets below; tremendous the mingled roar of terrific sounds that reached us as we hurried along the narrow and giddy way to the low building upon the precipice—cries of hell itself; and I do not think Louise could have borne it long, had not good Martin Vern's step been heard on the roof, and the double roofs of the houses. It was with some difficulty that we leaned out which we the roof of the good Jew's house, and I, who was the last, sprang down and knocked at a small door in the side. For several moments there was no answer, and she knocked again. Then, however, Miriam Revel spoke to us,

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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To Correspondents.

"A Bachelor's Reflections on Matrimony," are under consideration. We would they were shorter, for as the old Musqueteer in the novel says, "it's na so bad either,—but it's the room, sirs, the room, sirs."

"For What are we Born?" is on file for insertion. Our friend W. R. S. has our thanks for his kind remembrance of us. His pieces are quite popular.

"To C. H." is given out for insertion.

The "Geographical Enigma," of J. W. E. has the same answer to one inserted in our paper of, we believe, the 8th of last month. Otherwise it should appear.

"Remembered Words," is on file for insertion. S. H. writes with spirit—often with skill. Were he always to do the latter, he would soon become known to other readers than those of the Post.

The lines by "M." are scarcely fit for publication, although the rythm is unexceptionable, and the sentiments are, many of them, good. But withal the piece is too tame. The thoughts are trite. There is nothing original but every thing second place. The piece, moreover, is too long for our columns, as we admit nothing of such volume, unless it is *excellent*.

"They have tauld me we maun Part, Willie," is quite pretty. Some of the verses are even touching. The fair author—for we judge her to be such—will always be welcome, if she writes in this strain.

"Scio," is scarcely poetry, although the subject is classic. The only good lines in the poem are those at the end of each stanzas, and *they* are stolen from Byron. Here is a specimen—

"Oh! land so beautifully fair
Where ev'ry breeze is full of balm,
And even the mountain tops are bright,
And the very seas around are calm.

I greet that land, it is so bright,
To sing its praise, I ne'er shall cease—
Oh! what is like that land of light,
Ye isles of Greece, ye isles of Greece."

Who has forgotten the lines of Byron, beginning

"*The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,*
Where burning Sappho lived and sung—"

"Thoughts on Mice," are too puny for us. They have neither wit nor humor, and without these, who would tolerate any sort of cogitations, no matter what, on such a theme?

"R. S. N." is under consideration. He might, we think, improve.

Financial Record.

Resumption in Philadelphia.

The Reporter says, we have made inquiries and are able to announce to our readers that, *the prospect of a resumption of specie payments by all the banks of Philadelphia on the 15th of January next, is still favorable.* No definite arrangement has yet been concluded, but it is understood that all the banks of the city and county have agreed to assist the bank of the United States, with the exception of the *Commercial Bank* and the *Farmers and Mechanics*. These two will also, we doubt not, yield concurrence to the general plan in the course of a few days. One or two directors of the latter ask for an *exhibit*, but the U. S. Bank thinks it is not exactly the fair thing for that *particular* institution to demand any specified expose not required by the other institutions, especially as she (the U. States bank) demanded no such statement when in former times she was in the habit of assisting the smaller institutions. It is probable, however, that the whole matter will be arranged in the course of a few days, especially as Mr. Jaudon is of the opinion that he will find no difficulty in disposing of the post notes of the United States bank in Europe, if given under such circumstances. We learn, however, that some of our banks have been offered loans of large sums by eastern institutions, as low as 4½ per cent. per annum. The prospect on the whole, therefore, is highly favorable, and we may confidently look forward to a resumption by all solvent banks not only in Philadelphia, but to the South and West, before the next Spring.

New Counterfeits.

Columbia Bank and Bridge Company, Columbia, Pa.—100's altered from 5's. The Vignette of the 5's on the upper part of the left end of the bill, Mercury, and a female resting on bales of goods—a ship in the distance. On the right end margin, denomination at top and bottom—in the centre, Railroad and Cars; on left end, Head of Washington. The altered bills have the denomination of the note "C" between the title of the Bank "Bridge Company." The genuine 100's have for a Vignette a large female figure, one arm resting on a shield with a plough and ship—on right end a female representing Commerce. In the body of the note is the denomination printed on a medallion head.—*Reporter.*

State Loan.

The Governor of Pennsylvania, has called upon the banks for their respective proportions of the balance of a loan authorised by the last Legislature, no proposals having been received by the Executive within the time specified for such proposals. The amount to be advanced to the State at this time is $1,157,000.

New Counterfeit.—A counterfeit ten dollar note on the Bank of Baltimore has been discovered in circulation here. This counterfeit is not described in any of the detectors. It has a newish appearance, No. 660, letter B. dated July 20, 1837, signed James Crane, Cashier, and L. Baker, President, which signatures are indifferently executed.

Specie.—The ship Natchez, from Valparaiso, at N. York, has on board two hundred and seventy-two thousand and forty dollars in specie.

Political Intelligence.

Maryland Election.

An election took place in Maryland on Wednesday, for members of the House of Delegates for each County, and also for seven Senators—one from the city of Baltimore, and one from each of the counties of Alleghany, Washington, Baltimore, Cecil, Queen Ann's and Worcester. In Baltimore city, Howard, the Democratic candidate for Senate, received 7342 votes; Ridgely, Whig, 7072—Howard's majority 270. The five democratic candidates for House of Delegates are elected. Last year the average Democratic majority on the Congressional ticket, was 450.

In Baltimore County the democratic ticket has also succeeded. Ely, dem. for Senate, has 1100, Winder, whig, 845—Ely's majority 245. Total democratic majority, in City and County, 515. In 1839 Baltimore gave but 66 majority for the democratic ticket for Congress.

In Annapolis City, the Sun says, the Whig candidate for the House of Delegates, has undoubtedly succeeded, but by what majority we are not able to say, though it is believed it will not exceed 20 votes. The democratic candidate was last year elected by a majority of 18 votes.

There are other counties reported, but we know not how much the reports can be relied on, as they are contradictory in their statements. One says Cecil county has given a Whig majority of 32, and Queen Anne's 81, another, that Cecil has given 190 majority for the Whigs, and Queen Anne over 100. In 1833, Cecil gave a Democratic majority on the Congress ticket of 189, and Queen Anne of 74.

Delaware Election.

The preliminary election in Delaware for Inspectors of the next general election, was held in that state on Monday. In Newcastle county the Whigs have for the first time obtained a majority. The poll was unprecedentedly large, and both parties brought out all their voters. The Whig majority is 137 votes. In 1836, the Van Buren majority for President was 143. Nett Whig gain, 280 votes.

It is reported on the authority of a letter received in the city, that Kent county has elected Whig inspectors by a majority of 340 votes. In 1836, the majority was 166. One district in Sussex is reported to have given 103 majority for the Whigs.

Nashville, Tennessee, Election.

An election for Mayor and Aldermen took place in Nashville, Tennessee, on the 28th September. The contest was spirited, and the Whigs elected Major Trabue Mayor by 198 majority. In all the six wards the Whig Aldermen are elected by handsome majorities.

Moyamensing Whig Nominations.—The following Commissioner's ticket was formed by the Whig Delegates of Moyamensing on Thursday evening:—Robert McAfee, First Ward; Thomas Brierly, Second Ward; James Moore and Andrew Hunter, Third Ward; and Henry Berry, Fourth Ward.

From Florida.

The Saint Augustine, Florida, News contains a letter dated Fort Jackson, Sep. 8, in which we find the following items of intelligence.

John Barry, a native of Ireland, and lately discharged from the United States Army, was accidentally drowned yesterday, near the powder house. He has left a wife and two children in Philadelphia.

Sergeant Hessen, of "B" Company, 1st Infantry, left Fort Jackson on the 3d instant, on express for Fort Macomb. On the 4th instant, his horse went into Fort Macomb; a scout was sent out immediately, and they found his over coat a few miles below Charles' Ferry. Nothing has been heard of him since.

On the morning of the 5th instant, a soldier of "H" Company, 1st Infantry, was rescued by some volunteers from two Indians, who were carrying him off into a hammock near Booth's, about a mile from Charles' Ferry. The soldier was drunk; the Indians had no arms, and escaped.

A letter from Black Creek states that Lieutenant Hanson, 7th Infantry, went out from Wecahoote, and had had a second fight with the Indians. The enemy retreated, leaving four dead on the field.

General News.

He will fly.—The fellow who petitioned Congress to permit him to carry the mail through the air, and was refused countenance, is determined it seems to fly any how. He advertises that he has made arrangements with a brother in Virginia, to enable him to go forward with his plan of aerostation; that the Messrs. Hoe & Co. of New York, are constructing his machinery; and that he will proceed immediately to erect an aerostat near the spot of his nativity in Virginia, to be called the "American Eagle," in which he intends to take his first flight through the regions of space."

Something new.—A new species of cotton has been discovered by L. C. Hornsby, of Covington, La. He says the bush grows from 8 to 10 feet high, branching out in proportion, and producing from two to three thousand pounds to the acre. This cotton is of long staple, and very fine texture. Mr. Hornsby thinks it as fine as ordinary silk. He says one seed was found two years since in a chest of tea, imported from China; he planted it, and saved the seed which was its production, planted them, and now offers a few for sale.

A serious accident.—We learn that the Royalton Vt. stage broke one of its axletrees in Barre, on Wednesday morning last; the stage was heavily loaded, and one lady was so much bruised as to be unable to go on. On Thursday, the Rev. Mr. Seeley was seriously injured by being run over by the Hanover stage. Mr. S. was in a wagon, and turned out for the stage as is customary; the stage, however, truck the wagon, pretty nearly demolishing it. Mr. S. had two or three ribs broken, and is otherwise badly bruised.

How did it happen?—The New York Commercial of Monday says, a child about seven years old, the son of Mr. Phelps of Warren street, in Brooklyn, left home yesterday forenoon, and was not heard of until late last evening, when he was found dead in an open lot near Bergen street, having a large incision, apparently made with a knife in the cartoid artery. It is hardly probable that the child committed suicide, and equally improbable that he was murdered, since there could have been no inducement to lead to the crime.

Drowned.—A young man by the name of Tyrrel', was lost over board on Monday morning at Crum Elbow in the North river, from the Schr. Belvidere, of Troy. He had just pushed out the fore boom, but not far enough, for the wind took it aback and struck him with such force as to knock him overboard. The boat was lowered immediately and the schooner hove to but the attempt to rescue him was fruitless. The captain states that he sunk in about half a minute and rose no more.

Sad Accident.—We learn from the Boston Evening Journal, that two men were sadly injured on Monday, in Medford, while lowering the draw across the canal, near Curtis's shipyard. The draw came down suddenly and struck George Spear and Hazen Chapman. Spear is so badly hurt, his skull being badly fractured, that he is not expected to live; and Chapman is also a good deal hurt. Spear was badly wounded a few months ago, while blowing rock, and had just recovered.

Accidental Death.—We learn from the Norfolk Herald that one of the apprentices on board of the U. S. ship Delaware, fell down the hatchway of the ship on Saturday, and died on Sunday from the injuries received by the fall.

Will some of our Norfolk friends furnish us with the name of the lad alluded to in the above? Many of the apprentices have parents residing in this direction, and the fact of the notice of *such* a death without the addition of the deceased's name, has created a very general feeling of anxiety among the interested.

Fire in Amboy.—For the first time in thirty years, the citizens of Amboy were startled with a formidable cry of fire on Thursday last. It originated in a dwelling house owned by Mr. John See, and occupied by several families, which was entirely consumed, together with the adjoining house, belonging to Mr. Abraham Bloodgod. The ladies, we understand, turned out, and by their active exertions supplied, in a great measure, the deficiency of an engine.

Our Engines.—The engine built in this city for the Vigilant fire company of Charleston, is highly praised by the journals of that city. The Courier says it was placed in front of the porch of St. Michael's Church, filled with water, which was projected fairly on the upper roof of the steeple, under the pigeon holes, a perpendicular height of at least 128 feet, and and with sufficient force to have extinguished fire had it caught in that place.

Removing a Bridge.—We learn from the Boston Evening Gazette, that Mr. Banker, a Yankee house mover, has now undertaken to remove a bridge, on the Merrimac river, four or five inches up stream. It contains 400,000 feet of timber, besides the boards and shingles that cover it. It is 800 feet long, 21 feet wide, and the covering is fourteen feet high from the sills to the plates of the roof.

Bank Breaking.—The plank and Timber that protected the front of Chicago, has been washed away by the rising and roughness of Lake Michigan. The American, of that place, under date of the 19th instant, says, every wave does more or less damage. Within the last three days more than one thousand dollars worth of property has been washed away.

Deaths in Baltimore.—Report of interments in the city of Baltimore for the last week, ending Monday morning; Males 35—Females 27—62. Of which number 7 were colored persons—3 free, 4 slaves. Under 1 year, 10. Diseases, consumption 12, bilious fever 9, old age 3, &c.

Another boat sunk.—The steamboat William Paris from Louisville for New Orleans, and principally laden with bagging and bale rope, is reported by an arrival at Cincinnati, to be sunk at the foot of Henderson's island, in five or six feet water, and to all appearance badly broken.

Acquitted.—We learn from the Montreal Herald that the Court Martial which was held on board Her Majesty's ship Vestal, at Quebec, has closed, when Capt. Prew was acquitted of the charges produced against him.

Killed instantly.—On Tuesday evening, John O'Hara, about 21 years of age, attempted to jump from a rail road car near Harper's Ferry, but missed his foot hold, and falling across the track, the car wheels passed over his body and cut him in two.

Fatal Accident.—Capt. James Locke, of Boston threw himself from the third story window of Suffolk Hotel, in Elm street, Wednesday night,—his head struck against the curb stone of the side walk, and he expired immediately.

Drowned.—Henry Hare, of Holidaysburg, (Pa.) fell into a creek on the 17th instant, in attempting to jump from a boat, and was drowned. He was a young man and lately married.

Plunged a knife in her.—In Baltimore, on Wednesday evening, two negro women quarrelled, and one plunged a shoemaker's knife in the other's breast, and killed her directly. The culprit was arrested.

Charleston Deaths.—The deaths in Charleston, during the week ending 20th ult. were 19—of which three were by stranger's fever.

Naval.—The French corvette Sabine, commanded by Monsieur Cosmao Dumanoir, arrived at Pensacola 12th ult. from a cruise.

Horrible Murder.—The Boston Mercantile Journal states that a woman, the wife of Bradbury Ferguson, was shot at Exeter, N. H., on Thursday night, as it is supposed by her husband—as he had returned from the militia muster at Epping, a short time before, probably intoxicated, and had quarrelled with his wife causing the neighbors to interfere. Ferguson has absconded. He is described as six feet high, stout built, curly hair, has a finger on one of his hands injured by a wound, and on one arm, "B F" is marked with India Ink. The rapidity of the transmission of news per railroad, will allow him to land at no place where his story has not reached before him.

Beauties of Muster Fields.—We learn, says the Tattler, from the Troy Mail, that the muster field near that city was the scene of a *real* fight, and a desperate one it was, last Saturday. We understand the men from the Nail Factories quarrelled with some of the citizens, and drove them from the booths which had been erected on the ground. After nightfall, a reinforcement went down from the city, and a ferocious and desperate contest followed. Some heads were broken, and some horrid wounds inflicted, but no lives were lost, although a valuable peace officer, Constable Wilson, was badly hurt in the affray.

How to get Divorced.—The Monticello Watchman gives an account of the manner in which a justice of the peace lately dissolved the hymenial chain of an unhappy pair, whom he had united but a short time before till death should part them. Upon the request of the parties to be unmarried, he placed a live cat on a block, and directing one to pull at the head and the other at the tail, while he with an axe cut puss in two, at the same time exclaiming, "Death parts you!" The couple went away satisfied that they were legally unmarried, and have not lived together since.

Cut his Throat.—A man by the name of Otis Belden, 28 years old, residing at Rocky Hill, (Con.) committed suicide by cutting his throat on Sunday last. He left his house with a looking glass and a razor, for the bank of Connecticut river, at which spot his hat, the glass, and the razor covered with blood were found by some boatmen who were passing the shore. It is supposed that he cut his throat and jumped into the river immediately after, as his body could not be found. He had said a few weeks previous that he had lived long enough.

Fell and was Killed.—A man named James Dorsey, a carpenter by trade, and for the last few years a resident of New Orleans, accidentally met with his death at that place, on the 25th ult. He was engaged in working upon the Catholic Cathedral in Camp street, when a plank on which he was standing suddenly gave way and he was precipitated a distance of about twenty-five feet to the ground. He expired in about three minutes after the fall. He has left a wife and three children.

Fractured his Skull.—The Vandalia, (Ill.) Sentinel, of the 12th ult., states that at an early hour in the morning of the Monday preceding, the dead body of James M. Percy, Esq., was discovered in the outskirts of the town; the skull was dreadfully fractured and presented every evidence of a foul murder. Mr P. had long resided in Vandalia, and was a Justice of the Peace, and so generally esteemed that he was not known to have an enemy in the world. Every effort to discover the murderers has thus far been unavailing.

Death at a Milliners.—A horse this morning, says the New York Tattler of Saturday, took a fancy to dance through a milliner's window in the Bowery and succeeded in breaking the whole sash out, and killing himself. He plunged through, pushed back, and fell dead on the walk. The lady was arranging some things in the window at the time the assault was made, sprang back and left her new customer try on what he pleased in his own way.

An Incendiary.—We learn from the Hartford Courier that an individual was caught on Thursday night of last week, in a store in that place, which he had entered to rob. The store next to it had previously been entered by him, and the desk set on fire and the combustible articles found upon him indicated that his intention was to fire them both. He gave his name as Jacob Piles, from Philadelphia, and is now in prison.

Fatal railroad Accident.—On Tuesday evening, as the train came down to Albany, from Schenectady, near the half way house, one of the freight cars broke down, and not only threw the passenger cars off the track, but brought them against each other with great violence. Mr. McGiness, the foreman of the road, was instantly killed, and one or two persons slightly injured. One of the freight cars was entirely consumed by the sparks from the engine.

A bold Robbery.—The Boston Post states that on Thursday evening, about 8 o'clock, as Mr. F. W. Brown was passing through Rowe street, from Essex to Bedford street, he was assaulted by two ruffians, and almost immediately prostrated by a blow on the head with a bludgeon or some other weapon and, while in a state of insensibility caused by the blow, his coat skirt was torn off, in which was a pocket book containing $500.

Drowned.—Mr. John E. Van Alen, of Glencadia, aged about 21 years, son of the late Adam Van Alen, Esq. was drowned in the Kinderhook creek, near that place, on Saturday night, the 12th instant. The deceased left home in the early part of the evening, for the purpose of catching eels, and not returning at the time expected, search was made for him, and his lifeless body was found in the water the next morning.

Melancholy.—We learn that on Tuesday last, as a Mr. Batchelder of Andover, Vt., with his wife, was returning from a visit to Townsend, Mass., in a wagon, the hold-back strap broke, in descending a hill in Jaffrey, and the horse got clear, but the wagon was over turned by passing over a bank. Mrs. B. was instantly killed, by wounds on the head. Mr. B. escaped unhurt.

Almost a Murder.—They are trying a sailor in Boston named Giuseppe Tosto for revolt, on board ship 24 September. The mate was whipping a man, when Tosto sprang down into the forecastle, seized a pistol, returned on deck, and sent a ball whizzing by the captain's ear. He then provided himself with a second pistol, which missed fire. His trial is not furnished.

Two Girls Burned to Death.—On the night of the 13th ult. at Castleton, Ky., the house of Mr. Dyer Babbitt, was consumed, and two of his sons, aged 9 and 14 years, with two of his daughters, aged 6 and 12 years, perished in the flames. It was with the greatest difficulty his wife and three remaining children were rescued.

A Learned Blacksmith.—The Phrenological Journal tells of a blacksmith, named E. Burritt, only 27 years of age, living at Worcester, Mass., who is acquainted with fifty languages, all of which, he has picked up at "odd moments," by himself, without assistance, except from books, and without infringing upon his hours of labor.

Bold Burglars.—In New York on Tuesday night a woman was awakened in bed by the sight of robbers in her chamber. One clapped his hand on her mouth, while the other robbed her drawers of the silver. They then ran. She raised the window, and cried watch, and the fellow with the booty was arrested.

Horrible Revenge.—A man named George Nixon was about to be tried at the Stafford (Eng.) Assizes, for throwing a fellow workman into the machinery of a flint mill, at Basalem, and thus causing his death in a horrid manner. The body of the man, whose name was Joseph Ball, was horribly mutilated.

Look out.—The St. Louis Gazette cautions the public against one W. J. S. Morton, and describes him to be a great rascal. The Boston papers say the same thing about one Francis K. Pierce, who has been coming the "grand game" in that city under the appearance of great sanctity.

To be hung.—Governor Porter has signed the death warrant of Robert McConnachy, the wretch who, for the sake of a few dollars, murdered the whole of the Browne family, six in number. He is to be executed on the 6th of November.

Took Laudanum.—On Monday a man named John Vantyne, a carpenter, 42 years of age, from N. Jersey, killed himself with laudanum in New York. He took it in presence of his wife, swearing he would take any one's life who attempted to prevent him.

Broker's Beware!—The New York Star calls upon Philadelphia Brokers to look out for a chap who offered in that city a check for $5000, drawn by A. B. Hays, cashier, on the Eagle Bank, Boston, in favor of J. Westervelt, and by him endorsed, which had been abstracted from a letter mailed at the Post Office.

Canal Opened.—The Wabash and Erie canal was opened at Maumee city, with becoming ceremonies, on the 23d of September.

Coal Trade.—The Schuylkill Coal trade for the week ending on Thursday last amounted to 15,533 tons, per last report 309,872; total this season 309,872.

Wilmington Postmaster.—Dr. L. P. Bush has been appointed Port Physician of Wilmington, Del.

Stabbed Severely.—Wm. Stevens was taken on Sunday to the hospital in New York, wounded in so dreadful a manner that no hopes were entertained of his surviving. The wounds consisted of several stabs in the abdomen, inflicted upon him in a house in Orange street, and through each of which his entrails were protruding. It appears that Stevens, another young man named John Dorex, and some others were at the house, and John Dorex was robbed of his watch, breast pin, pencil case, &c. A dispute arose between Stevens and the woman of the house, and Dorex took up the quarrel. The result was that Dorex slapped Stevens in the face, and some other individual present inflicted upon him the wounds.

Extraordinary Product.—Mr. Jonathan Reed, of Shrewsbury, has fifty-one Citron Melons, which were raised this season, from a single seed; the whole weight of which is three hundred and fifty-five pounds! The average circumference of them, is about 22 inches; and the whole length of the vine was found, by actual measurement, to be 1800 feet; many of the smaller branches were not measured. It was supposed, if they had been, the whole length would have been 2000 feet! The seed had been deposited, by some means unknown, in the bottom of an old hay stack, and grew without any cultivation.

Melancholy Accident.—A letter dated Yazoo City, Mississippi, September 15, states that Mr. Henry H. Pease, formerly of New York, was accidentally killed near the former place, on the previous day. He was riding with a friend in a barouche; the horses took fright at some cows, ran over one, darted off, and brought the carriage in contact with a large stump, with so much violence, that the vehicle was broken to pieces. Mr. Pease fell upon his back and neck, and was killed almost instantly. His companion escaped with some slight bruises and internal hurts.

Editor Dead.—The New York Signal of Tuesday says.—It is with the most sincere regret that we announce the death of Lynde M. Walter, Esq., editor of the Boston Transcript. He departed this life yesterday, in the prime of his manhood, after a painful illness of many weeks. Mr. Walter was not only esteemed but beloved by all who knew him. We do not believe he has left behind a single enemy—a most rare instance after a long editorial career.

Fire at Newburyport, Mass.—The dry goods store of Mr. Prescott Spalding, in State street, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. Nothing of consequence was saved from the premises. Stock valued at $4500, insured for $3000. Mr. Spalding lost his most valuable books. The fire, it is supposed, was the work of an incendiary. The building belonged to Mr. Davenport, and was insured.

Population of Charleston, S. C.—According to the census just taken, Charleston contains 13,023 white inhabitants, being an increase over the last ten years of 201. The free colored population is 1,551, being a loss in the same time of 546. The slaves amount to 14,663, being 681 less than in 1830. Total loss of population since 1830, 1026.

A great Gale.—They had a great gale at Buffalo, N. Y., on Friday and Saturday last. The waters rose very high. Steamboats and vessels of all kinds went ashore, and several were injured severely. Much lumber, wood, swine, &c., were lost by the inundation. Several accidents occurred, but no lives were lost.

Poisoned by Accident.—Mrs. Sarah Smith, 58 years of age, living in New York, having been ill for some days of an asthmatic complaint, was advised to take a small dose of stramonium. The advice she followed, and took a dose of upwards of 100 grains of the poison. The result was her death in about five hours.

Fatal Accident.—A son of Doctor Durett, No. 114 Lombard street, was accidentally drowned while fishing at Pottsville, a day or two ago. Information of the distressing occurrence was received by the family on Tuesday evening. The deceased was 7 years of age.

Mobile.—The Mobile Chronicle of the 24th says. "The equinoctial storm set in on Tuesday night, and since, with but few intermissions, the rain has been falling. All apprehensions of the visitation of any malignant disease are now dissipated."

Fire and Death.—On Saturday night, several buildings situated in Lockport, N. Y., were destroyed by fire. On the same evening, a lock tender fell into the canal of that place, and broke his back. He survived but a few minutes.

Genesee Valley Canal.—The first division of this canal, (36 miles in length,) was opened the first day of September, and the amount of tolls received up to the first of October, is $1,371 20.

Great Liberality.—A boy in Boston, on Friday, found $20,000 in bills. His father discovered the owner who, overjoyed at the recovery of his lost fortune, gave him—*one dollar for his honesty.*

The Amistad.—This famous schooner, and her cargo are to be sold at New London on the 15th inst., by order of the U. S. Circuit Court for the district of Connecticut.

Man Shot.—Joel Goodman, a citizen of East Feleciana, was shot near Catlet's tan-yard, in that parish, on the 10th ult. The supposed murderer, a Dutchman named Ott, is in custody.

Guilty of Murder.—The trial of John Burke, who murdered his wife at Hartford, (Conn.) in March last, by cutting her throat took place at that city during last week, and resulted in a verdict of *guilty*.

Killed Him.—A laboring man was buried alive at Flatbush, (L. I.) on Wednesday last, by the caving in of a well which he was digging. Late on that evening he had not been extricated.

Deaths in Boston.—Interments in the city of Boston, for the last week, viz: Males 17—females 23—40. Causes, consumption 7, whooping cough 3, &c.

Thanksgiving.—The Boston Transcript says, that the Governor has appointed Thursday, the 26th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving.

Took Arsenic.—John Bass, 29 years of age, killed himself in New York on Saturday with a dose of arsenic, at the house of his brother-in-law.

Broke Jail.—On Sunday last three prisoners escaped from the jail at Hudson, N. Y.

Deafness Cured.

We noticed some time since, an interesting article, in the Medical Examiner, written by Dr. O. H. Partridge, of this city, on the subject of Deafness, its causes, cure, &c. The Doctor has paid particular attention to affections of the ear, for the purpose of discovering a remedy for that very serious and troublesome affection, deafness, with which so many thousands of our fellow beings are afflicted. He recommends the use of Kreosote with proper restrictions, and the number of cures that had been affected and from the high standing and character of him who had recommended its use, we were satisfied that the most implicit faith might be placed in its application, and accordingly gave our opinion, at the time in a short article in our paper. Since that period we have had repeated proofs of very extraordinary cures performed by Dr. P. he having never failed, as we understand, in a single instance either to cure or greatly relieve his patients—consequently we would again urge the necessity for all those who wish to avail themselves of the Doctor's advice, and recover their hearing, to give him a call. We are assured that there is not the most distant fear of harm resulting from its use, nor does it produce the slightest pain, but on the contrary an agreeable and pleasant sensation.

We extract the following from a number of other cases written by Dr. Partridge, and published in the Medical Examiner of this city in May last:

"About a year ago Mrs. E. of New York, aged about 45 years, on a visit to this city, informed me that about eight years previous, she found her hearing gradually failing—knew of no assignable cause. When I saw her, it was with great difficulty I could make her hear, although I spoke very loud, and she used an ear trumpet—yet she told me, that when riding over the pavements in a carriage, she could hear as well as any one. This being a case of 'paracusis perversa,' and of rare occurrence, I immediately became interested. I accordingly invited the lady to ride with me, and soon found that when we were travelling very quick, and the carriage making much noise, her hearing was very acute, indeed she could hear better than I could. As the lady had submitted to various modes of treatment without any good resulting, I thought it to be a fair chance to try the kreosote, and was pleased in a short time to find it had given tone to the debilitated organ, and improved the hearing rapidly, so that in four months she could hear as well as before the attack."

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

Bark.—Sales of 1st quality Quercitron at $35 per ton.

Coffee.—Since Friday last the market has been quiet, but prices are well supported. About 300 bags Cuba have sold at 10 cts. less 3 per cent. for cash. A cargo of 3000 bags Rio has arrived.

Cotton.—Market calm, with sales of Uplands at 11¼, N. Orleans at 11½ cts.

Flour and Meal.—The market has been quiet, but holders of Flour are firm at $5 12½ per bbl for export, with sales for city use at $5 12½ a5 25. Rye Flour—Prices steady at $3 25. Corn Meal—Sales in bbls at $2 87½ for Penna. and $3 12½ for Brandywine Meal.

Grain.—Wheat is dull of sale and no large operations have taken place. Millers offer $1 05, but most holders ask higher for good Penna. It may be quoted at $1 05a 1 08 afloat. A sale from store at $1 08 for very prime quality. Sales of good Southern at $1, and inferior to fair at 87a95 cts. Rye—Sales of Penna. at 55a56 cts. Corn—Demand fair for Yellow, with sales at 55a56 cts. White—a sale at 56 cts. We quote 55a56. Oats—Free sales at 27 cts.

Molasses.—A sale of Sweet Matanzas at 32 cts per gallon.

Provisions.—In Bacon no change, with a moderate demand. Pork—Prime has been all bought up and is held at $15 per bbl. Lard—Sales of Western at 12½ cts per lb.

Sugar.—About 1000 boxes Havana and Matanzas Sugar have arrived and have been taken for refining, part at 8 cts and part at a price not public, for brown. Sales of 250 boxes White at 10½a10¾ cts. 310 boxes Cuba Brown price unknown.

Whiskey.—Bbls are steady. Sales in bbls at 28 cts and the market very poorly supplied.—*North American.*

J. F. Easton, Esq. one of our travelling agents, is now on a tour through St. Louis, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Iowa. As he will call upon most of our subscribers in those places, they will oblige both us and him, by being prepared with the ready change. We are under obligations to thousands of our distant subscribers for their promptitude in making remittances.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail at this office*, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 24th September to the 7th October.

Sept. 24, received from		Sept. 30, received from	
Jas. S. Turner, Esq.	$5 00	Jno. B. Trott,	5 00
J. A. Craven, Esq.	2 00	R. B. Lee,	2 00
B. Rawls, Esq.	5 00	A. Barcroft,	2 00
Geo. Githens, Esq.	2 00	Jas. H. Buck,	2 00
W. A. Pierce, agt.	20 00	T. McClintock,	2 00
H. Hathsey, Esq.	2 00	Saml. Lippincott,	2 00
S. A. Cunningham, Esq.	1 00	G. W. Falkett,	2 00
E. Crombacker, Esq.	2 00	D. W. Moore,	2 00
B. Pearce, Esq.	2 00	Saml. John,	4 00
J. E. Price, Esq.	4 00	Abm. Cook,	4 00
G. F. Gould, Esq.	5 00	J. Irvine, Esq.	4 00
J. Christy,	3 00	G. B. Webster, Esq.	2 00
E. S. M Caughy,	2 00	Wm. Lewiston, Esq.	10 00
R. Diller, agt.	2 00	J. Fay, Esq.	2 00
J. P. Haling, Esq.	2 00	J. H. Mack,	2 00
A. Billings, agt.	15 75	*Oct. 1.*	
Jno. Bishop,	2 00	J. McIntosh,	2 00
W. G. Newman,	2 00	P. R. Fisher,	2 00
J. Lewis,	2 00	J. J. Borden,	3 00
Jno. Beatty,	4 00	P. Mitchell, Esq.	2 00
J. M. Stewart,	2 00	A. Smith,	5 00
Sept. 25.		M. Harlan,	4 00
C. Hutz,	2 00	J. Wilson,	5 50
J. Vanhorn,	2 00	Jno. Maxwell,	2 00
G. W. Coppuck, Esq.	4 00	M. Jones,	2 00
D. Clark, Esq.	2 00	J. Lincoln,	2 00
J. B. Sutton, Esq.	7 00	J. Elliott,	2 00
A. Galt, Esq.	10 00	J. Leeds,	2 00
J. M. Case, Esq.	2 00	*Oct. 2.*	
Sept. 26.		W. White,	4 50
W. S. Townsend,	4 00	W. C. Wyatt,	4 00
H. P. Hibbert,	3 00	R. Boykin,	6 00
Jas. Johnson,	1 00	J. Whittaker,	2 00
H. H. Townsend,	1 00	C. Lovell,	4 00
Isaac Snowden,	1 00	M. G. Overton,	2 00
S. Fleeper,	2 00	R. McFarland,	2 00
F. A. Schnucker,	2 00	N. S. Thompson,	2 00
J. & J. McGrew,	1 25	J. Weidle,	2 00
R. Farrell, Esq.	6 00	N. Slade, Esq.	5 00
T. W. Blakey,	2 00	D. Barber, Esq.	2 00
W. McKean,	2 00	D. W. Roberts, Esq.	5 00
S. Newton,	2 12	E. Boltworth, Esq.	6 00
J. Goulbourn, agt.	2 00	S. Gilmore, Esq.	1 00
S. A. Cunningham, Esq.	1 00	R. Lamb, jr.	2 00
J. McClure, Esq.	2 00	C. J. Allen, Esq.	2 00
T. Gibb, Esq.	2 00	T. C. Chandler, Esq.	7 00
C. E. Parton, Esq.	2 00	*Oct. 3.*	
G. A. Shriver, Esq.	5 00	B. Frackett,	5 00
Wm. Gwinn, Esq.	2 00	Jno. R. Powers,	6 00
C. D. Whittle, Esq.	5 00	D. D. George,	4 50
B. B. Smith, Esq.	2 00	E. Clift,	3 00
A. L. & S. Cutter,	2 00	B. C. Donglat,	2 00
J. E. Sargent,	2 00	H. Yenger,	2 00
Sept. 28.		J. Dettorer, Esq.	8 00
Jno. Craig,	2 00	S. Steel,	1 00
J. Robinson,	2 00	J. C. Hatch,	2 00
N. E. Slaymaker,	2 00	L. Reed,	2 00
Seth Day,	2 00	H. Heiser,	3 30
T. Sweet,	2 00	E. Smith,	2 00
J. H. Blair,	2 00	E. C. Cochran, Esq.	2 00
M. Stotz,	2 00	Wm. Bebb, Esq.	2 00
P. Dennis,	2 00	Wm. Daly, Esq.	2 00
Jas. Theron, Esq.	10 00	J. King, Esq.	2 00
A. Heckman,	3 00	P. A. Fenner, Esq.	10 00
J. Wilson,	2 00	J. Churchill, Esq.	5 00
R. Pealke,	2 00	Wm. Little, Esq.	6 00
Robt. Walker,	2 00	*Oct. 5.*	
J. J. Borre,	2 00	T. W. Green, Esq.	[illegible]
Jos. Atkinson,	6 00	C. W. James, trav. agt.	65 13
J. Fisher,	2 00	J. Corbett,	2 00
S. Sellers,	2 00	J. B. McMackin,	2 00
C. P. Leeds,	2 00	S. Frost,	2 00
Jno. Price,	6 00	Jno. Frost,	2 00
Moses Kempton,	2 00	B. W. Richards,	4 00
M. Shelbrake,	3 00	J. L. Shark,	2 00
B. Archer,	2 00	Thos. Reece,	3 00
M. H. Elwgood,	2 00	Geo. J. Louder, Esq.	8 00
J. S. Rowand,	2 00	C. M. Moore,	2 00
B. W. McClure,	2 00	Jas. O'Neal,	2 00
J. Landis,	2 00	Wm. W. Stevens,	4 00
S. H. Barrett,	2 00	J. Bell,	1 25
A. Matthews, Esq.	5 00	Jas. Wonsler,	6 00
A. Potter, Esq.	2 00	J. Elder,	2 00
W. Slade, Esq.	2 00	G. W. Foster, Esq.	5 00
J. Boswell, Esq.	2 00	Jas. S. Turner, Esq.	2 00
St. Clair Graves, Esq.	2 00	Robt. Taylor, Esq.	2 00
Lynde Elliott, Esq.	2 00	G. W. Head, Esq.	4 00
G. W. Colton, Esq.	2 00	A. R. Blight, Esq.	2 00
A. F. P. Cook, Esq.	5 00	P. Adams, Esq.	2 00
J. W. Degges, Esq.	2 00	J. S. Phelps, Esq.	3 00
Wm. Mealy, Esq.	5 00	J. W. Timberlake, Esq.	5 00
B. Callis, Esq.	2 00	Jas. E. Barrett, Esq.	5 00
S. Phillips, Esq.	2 00	*Oct. 6.*	
Jacob Gross, Esq.	4 00	Geo. W. Peirce,	2 00
W. Slade, Esq.	2 00	Jas. McEaloy,	3 00
Albert Sester, Esq.	2 00	Jas. Haven,	4 00
S. Jennings, Esq.	1 00	Wm. Jackson,	2 00
Sept. 29.		E. W. Stephens,	3 00
P. Fletcher, Esq.	2 00	J. Kulp,	2 00
J. B. Moore, Esq.	2 00	J. F. Rhey,	1 25
N. Crawford, Esq.	5 00	J. Wheaton,	2 00
J. Buchanan, Esq.	3 00	A. N. Stewart,	4 00
F. Maxwell, Esq.	2 00	Jos. S. Jones, Esq.	[illegible]
W. Lamb, Esq.	2 00	Jas. Pacey, agt.	[illegible]
A. Read, Esq.	4 00	G. Damon, Esq.	2 00
A. Lanclay, Esq.	6 00	John Fry, Esq.	5 00
J. W. Williamson,	2 00	F. Nichols, Esq.	2 00
J. Harbert,	2 00	A. H. Halleck, Esq.	1 00
J. Boyer, Esq.	2 00	M. F. White, Esq.	2 00
Miss M. Shepard,	5 00	J. Rowe, Esq.	2 00
Jas. P. Kay, Esq. agt.	7 00	*Oct. 7.*	
P. W. Jones,	7 00	J. R. Claxell,	5 00
J. Stackhouse,	2 00	W. W. Payne,	6 00
R. Hulme,	2 00	L. H. Green,	2 00
S. Swain,	1 00	J. Story,	2 00
J. Compton,	3 00	C. Stewart, Esq.	2 00
Sept. 30.		Saml. Laverty,	1 00
L. Terse,	1 50	Saml. McClure,	2 00
J. Pierce,	1 00	J. E. Cassell,	2 00
W. McCadden, Esq.	6 00	J. French,	2 00
J. Clark,	2 00	J. Kissock,	2 00

MARRIED.

At Cedar Hill, Lancaster county, Pa. on the 5th inst. by the Rev. James W. Phillips, the Rev. N. Dodge, Principal of the Young Ladies Lyceum Institute, to Miss Rachel Stevens, formerly of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, the 1st inst. at St. Augustines, Cecil county, Md. by the Rev. Mr. Foulks, Mr. Thos. H. Seay, ... of the above place, to Miss Jessie Haswell, of London, Eng.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Peter Rehrer, to Miss Mary Townsend, both of the N. Liberties.

On the evening of the 22d March last, by the Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Mr. Francis Smith, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of A. L. Vanhorn, Esq. all of this city.

By the same, on the evening of Feb. 9th, Mr. Wm. R. Wray, to Miss Almina S. Stiles, all of the Northern Liberties.

On Thursday evening, the 1st inst. at the residence of her mother, in Northumberland, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Jerman Jacob, of Lewistown, to Miss Anna, daughter of the late Judge Chapman.

By the Rev. J. Kennedy, Lyle Millar, M. D. of Woodville, Rappahannock City, Va. to Miss Mary Catharine Hanson, daughter of Dr. J. F. Caldwell, dentist of this city.

On the 2d ult. at Friends' Meeting House, in Cherry street, Henry Stokes, to Anna Post, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 1st inst. by the Rev. John McDowell, John L. Barnes, to Mary S. Prior, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. George Y. Morehouse, of Mount Holly, George Morrison Coates, to Anna, daughter of Henry Troth, Esq. both of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Snowden, Mr. Moses Stroud, of Bucks county, to Miss Sarah Tragon, of Kingston.

In Christ Church, Piqua, Lancaster county, Pa. on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Edward Buchanan, Volney L. Maxwell, attorney at law, of Wilkesbarre, to Miss Lydia M. Haines, of Salisbury.

By the Rev. O. Douglass on the 1st of October, Mr. John Stevens, to Miss Isabella Townsend, both of Cape May, N. J.

At Annapolis, on Wednesday, the 30th of Sept. by the Rev. Dr. McIlhenny, James G. Bennet, Esq. of Carroll county, Md. to Miss Julia W. only daughter of the late John W. Bordly, of the former place.

On Thursday morning, 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Francis Carpenter, to Mary Blake, only daughter of Capt. John Risbrough, all of this city.

On Thursday morning, 1st inst. by Samuel Rush, Recorder, Joseph Sharp, of Delaware county, Pa. to Rebecca Brooks, daughter of Daniel Brooks, of the same place.

On Wednesday evening, September 30th, by the Rev. J. L. Grant, Mr. Edmund H. Gatchell, of the city of Philadelphia, to Miss Susanna Stell, daughter of Adam Stell, Esq. of the District of Spring Garden, Philadelphia county, Pa.

On Wednesday evening 7th inst. by the Rev. John B. Clemson, Mr. Washington J. Sibon, to Miss Anna J. Moore, all of this city.

On the morning of the 1st inst. at the Church of the Epiphany, by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Samuel F. Ashton, to Ellen C. daughter of the late Thomas M. Souder, Esq.

October 4th, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. Charles S. Sweet, to Miss Jane Jones, all of Southwark.

On the 1st inst. by Friends ceremony, at Isabella Furnace, Chester county, J. Miller McKim, of this city, to Sarah A. Speakman, daughter of Micajah Speakman, of Chester county.

In New York, August 24, Preserved Fish, to Miss Mary Shepard.

Folks wonder now, when men do change,
Each one to suit his wish—
But here a lovely Shepard lass
Has been transformed to Fish.

Although 'twas strange, yet every one
Declares the lass deserved,
Not only to be changed to Fish,
But also to be Preserved.

And for their future happiness
They have our kindest wishes,
With hopes that they may have their share
Of loaves and little Fishes. —*London paper.*

DIED.

On the 8th inst. Susan Clark, in the 64th year of her age.

On Monday morning, 5th inst. Susan, infant daughter of Stephen B. and Susan R. Kingston.

On the morning of the 5th inst. at the residence of her son, Richard M. Cooper, in Camden, N. J. Abigail Cooper, relict of the late Wm. Cooper, aged 92 years.

On Sunday morning, the 4th inst. Thomas Sheppard, son of M. and F. W. Sheppard, a lovely and interesting boy, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 1st inst. at Clermont, near Philadelphia, Thomas Rowan, Esq. in the 49th year of his age.

At Nazareth, on Sunday, 27th ult. Mr. John Beitel, Sr. aged 70 years, 3 months and 7 days, for the last sixty years a resident of Nazareth.

In Dallas county, Alabama, Mr. J. L. Kenworthy, the celebrated American Ventriloquist, in the 33d year of his age.

On Thursday morning, 1st inst. after a lingering illness, Sarah J. Davis, in the 22d year of her age.

On Wednesday morning Sept. 30th, 1840, after a protracted illness, Mr. Wm. Fouls, Sr. formerly of England, in the 48th year of his age.

In Louisville, Ky. on the 19th ult. Andrew Gwin, a native of Philadelphia.

On the 2d inst. in the 23d year of his age, Charles M. Young.

On Sunday morning, 4th instant, Miss Ellen Smiley, daughter of John Smiley, in the 18th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 4th inst. at her late residence in Berkley, in the 27th year of her age, Catharine, wife of Thos. Moore.

On Saturday morning 3d inst. at 9 o'clock, Capt. Philip Ryan.

On the 3d inst. Pearson Farvis, in the 77th year of his age.

On the morning of the 3d inst. at Bristol, of a short but painful illness, John Edward, infant son of John E. Addicks, of this city, aged 15 months.

On the 5th inst. Mary Ann Lanois, wife of John G. Lenear, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. John W. Lanois, infant son of John G. and Mary Lenois.

ALMANAC.

October, 1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases.
10 Saturday,	6 23	5 37	1 0	
11 Sunday,	6 24	5 36	1 47	D. H. M.
12 Monday,	6 26	5 34	2 33	
13 Tuesday,	6 27	5 33	3 24	
14 Wednesday,	6 28	5 32	4 34	First 3 12 36
15 Thursday,	6 30	5 30	5 37	Full 11 2 13
16 Friday,	6 31	5 29	6 41	Last 17 6 57
17 Saturday,	6 32	5 28	7 41	New 25 3 57

Philadelphia Post Office.
Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives at 1 9 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 5½ A. M. & 5½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 3½ P. M.

"Jonah and the Whale."—See Jonah i. 17 and ii. 10. By request Mr. Fuller will deliver a lecture upon the above subject, next Sunday evening, in the new Church, on Julianna street between Fifth and Sixth, and Callowhill and Wood streets. To commence at 7 o'clock.

Health Office, October 3, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington. From the 26th September to the 3d October.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	1	0	Brought over,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bowel Complaint,	0	1	—Nervous,	1	0
Burns,	0	1	—Typhus,	3	0
Cancer of Womb,	1	0	—Typhoid,	1	0
Casualty,	1	0	—Scarlet,	0	4
Croup,	0	1	Hemorrhage Bowels,	0	1
Congestion of Brain,	1	1	Inflammation of Brain,	0	4
Cholera Morbus,	1	0	—Breast,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	1	—Lungs,	2	1
Convulsions,	1	1	—Stomach & Bowels,	1	0
Diarrhoea,	1	0	—Bowels,	1	0
Dropsy, Ovarian,	1	0	—Liver,	1	0
—Abdominal,	1	0	Jaundice,	1	1
—Head,	0	1	Marasmus,	0	3
—Breast,	0	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Dysentery,	2	3	Old Age,	2	0
Debility,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Polypus of Uterus,	1	0
Fracture,	2	0	Scrofula,	1	0
Fever, Catarrhal,	0	1	Small Pox,	0	1
—Remittent,	1	1	Still Born,	0	9
—Bilious,	1	0	Trismus,	0	1
Carried over,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Total,	[illegible]	[illegible]

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, and 6 people of color which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	27,	[illegible]	66	64
	28,	55	61	60
	29,	55	61	66
	30,	58	65	70
Oct.	1,	[illegible]	[illegible]	71
	2,	63	65	61
	3,	60	62	60

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		price sold for.	par.
201 shares	United States Bank,	[illegible]	100
109 do.	Girard Bank,	[illegible]	50
57 do.	Mechanics Bank,	[illegible]	25
20 do.	Commercial Bank,	[illegible]	50
15 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	102	100
5 do.	North America Bank,	[illegible]	400
3 do.	Planters Bank, Miss.	[illegible]	55
1200 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	[illegible]	100
100 do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	[illegible]	100
4 do.	Exchange Bank, Pitts.	42	50
665 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	[illegible]	50
24 do.	Camden & Amboy RR.	[illegible]	100
40 do.	Phil. & Trenton RR.	[illegible]	100
85 do.	Girard Trust Co.	[illegible]	[illegible]

THE special attention of Buyers from the South and West, and for the State trade, is respectfully invited to the following assortment of GOODS, which the subscriber will dispose of at such prices as will amply repay his friends for calling and examining his stock. To CASH purchasers, at the present time, extraordinary inducements will be offered.

200 pieces heavy variegated and Spanish matting.

[illegible] pieces Canton matting, assorted 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 white check'd and flower'd.

1000 hearth rugs, a beautiful assortment of Wilton Brussels, Tufted, Turkey, and hemp rugs.

200 pieces woollen worsted, cotton, hemp, ingrain, Venitian and block Carpetings. An elegant variety of Wilton Brussels, Scotch, and English, Venitian, Damask &c. &c.

1000 dozen men and boys caps, comprising a great variety of Fur, Seal, Nutria, Muskrat, and Coney, Hair, Seal, Sealette, and Cloth Caps.

100 dozen Allicant Mats, assorted sizes.
100 do. Manilla do. do. do.
50 do. Sheep skin do. do. do.
30 bales French Baskets comprising every description.
500 pair Venitian Blinds, new figures and colors.
3000 patent do. do. do.
1000 nests Cabas or Satchels, ass'd, embossed leather, straw and oil cloth.
5000 dozen Combs, assorted tortoise shell, Brazilian do., horn, ivory, brass and wood, comprising a large assortment of every variety.
3000 dozen Whips, assorted wagon, gig, carriage, sulky, planters, drovers, riding, or of get leather and thread, with German silver gilt, ivory and bone mountings.
1000 dozen painted Pails, Wilson's brand.
1000 nests cedar Tubs and Buckets, also, Churns, Piggins, Water Cans, &c.

The above together with an extensive assortment of fancy goods, Brittania and German Silver ware, feather and bristle Brushes, Looking Glasses, Mahogany and Gilt Frames, of every size and description, are manufactured, imported, and selected expressly for the Southern, Western, and State trade.
J. SIDNEY JONES,
oct 3-3m No. 18 North 3d street.

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or every one his own Physician. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System, with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility; with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously commend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideration with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself; and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest *urethral* disturbance to the severe stage of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. Also by the same Author. On Sterility, its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive system, the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Puberty and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

TO FEMALES. FEMALES VADE MECUM. Also by the same.—A Non medical Analysis of the Constitution incidental to Females, in which are offered some important admonitions on the peculiar debilities attending their circumstances, sympathies, and formation, illustrated by cases. Intended for the use of females only, and addressed to the youth and maturity of that sex.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—Hor.
The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed,
sep 26-1y DR. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.

TO TAILORS.—Mahan's Reports of the London and Philadelphia Fashions, and Plates of Fashions for Fall and Winter of 1840 and 41, will be ready for delivery on or about the 1st day of October. This Report will be much the largest he has yet published, it will contain drafts of the frequents &c. of various kinds of coats, including the drafts of the coats cut in his late trial of skill with A. Ward, and which were pronounced superior coats, both in fit and taste by a committee of respectable Master Tailors. The drafts are much simplified and improved, the frequents contain one only eight sizes, there are also drafts of different kinds of fashionable vests and pantaloons, including the French gaiter pantaloons, with instructions to journeymen in making up, &c. &c. The plate of fashions will be a beautiful colored engraving, by one of the best artists in the United States, it will contain 15 figures in fashionable costumes, and will be in every respect equal to the London plates, and will be a beautiful ornament to the fashionable tailor shop. As the publisher has spared no expense in getting up this work, he hopes for a continuance of the patronage of the trade hitherto so liberally bestowed.

Terms, &c. $10 for the first, and $1 for each succeeding year in advance. Case Rules, an invention of F. Mahan's, from $1 50 to $4 each; Protractors of Holly, with metal braces, from $2 to $3 each; Scales on Bristol board varnished $1 per set.—Illustrations or plates of fashions $1 per annum to those who subscribe to the system, and subscribers to the system will be charged $1 50 per single plate or $5 per year in advance, superior such measures wholesale and retail always on hand.

N. B. Those who are already acquainted with the Protractor System will be charged but $5 per year from the commencement of their subscribing. All letters must be post paid.
F. MAHAN,
sep 19-tf No. 225 Chesnut street, Phila.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.—The Lectures will commence in this Institution on the first Monday of November next, in the New College Edifice, in Filbert above Eleventh street.

Anatomy and Physiology, SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M. D.

Surgery, GEORGE McCLELLAN, M. D.

The Theory and Practice of Medicine, WILLIAM RUSH, M. D.

Materia Medica and Pharmacy, SAMUEL COLHOUN, M. D.

Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children, SAMUEL McCLELLAN, M. D.

Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, WALTER R. JOHNSON, A. M.

The Students of Pennsylvania College are admitted to the Practice of the Pennsylvania and Blockley Hospitals on the same terms as the other students of the city. They besides have the advantage of attending the daily demonstrations from Cases of Disease at the Dispensary of the College in Filbert street.
S. COLHOUN, Dean,
sep 12-4 nov 1 No. 13 South Seventh street.

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 71 Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers in Clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Runner's wholesale Jewellery store, No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to carry one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour. Prices from $80 to $400 dollars. mar 21—1y*

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers, harness, and coach makers, book binders, hatters, &c. &c.
mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY the body of all those morbid humors, which are the true cause of disease, is the

ONLY SURE ROAD TO HEALTH.

The author of our existence has provided certain outlets or drains, through which all useless and corrupt humors are expelled from the body. These are the lungs, skin, kidneys and bowels, and so long as they are all kept open and discharge freely their allotted portions of impurity, the body will continue in health; but when from eating improper food, breathing impure air, sudden transitions from heat to cold, or any other cause, the above outlets become closed; it is like stopping the common sewers of a city, and allowing the filth to accumulate in the streets. The results of such conduct would be disease and death.—Just so with the human body, when one or more of the above outlets are closed and morbid humors are allowed to accumulate in the body, disease and death will be the certain consequence.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, will be found the most extraordinary medicine in the world for carrying out the

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious humors and other impurity, at the same time promote a proper discharge by the lungs, skin and kidneys. Thus it will be seen, by a single operation of this extraordinary medicine, all the

NATURAL DRAINS ARE OPENED,

and those morbid humors, the cause of every variety of disease, are expelled in an easy and natural a manner that the body is restored to health as if By Magic. In addition to the thousands who have used and invariably recommend

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

the following testimonials of respectable citizens of Philadelphia, who have been cured of diseases of apparently opposite character will prove conclusively that said Indian Pills are

IN TRUTH A UNIVERSAL MEDICINE,

and that while they are perfectly innocent, yet at the same time, they are all powerful in the cure of disease.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This will certify that I was attacked in 1833 with violent pain in the side and breast accompanied by a distressing cough, palpitation of the heart, and other unpleasant complaints, which not only made life a burthen but actually brought me to death's door. During a period of five years I was constantly under the doctor's hands without receiving the slightest relief. I have tried all the popular medicines of the day with no better success. At length my sufferings had arrived at such a height that hope itself had fled, and nothing appeared left for me but resignation and the grave. One of my neighbors, however, who had been cured of a severe attack of liver complaint by the use of THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, prevailed on me to try them, which I finally did, though with but little hope of benefit. Strange, however, as it may appear, after the first four doses the cough began to leave me. Being thus encouraged, I resolved to persevere with this astonishing medicine, which, I am happy to say, has restored me to a state of sound health. Although two years have now elapsed since using the medicine as above stated, yet I still enjoy good health, and firmly believe that

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

have been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I would earnestly recommend every invalid to make trial of the above valuable medicine, and sincerely believe that ninety nine cases out of a hundred they would be restored to health.

Signed, PETER CHRIST, Uniontown, Maryland.

RHEUMATISM.

John Burns, living at 252 North Second street, has been several years afflicted with rheumatic pains in various parts of the body. During which time he has tried various remedies, and used outward applications without number, and in all cases with no essential benefit. Was finally induced to make trial of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, a single 25 cent box of which not only gave relief, but after using them a short time, drove every particle of pain from the body.

PAIN IN THE BREAST

cured by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills.

Mrs. Burns was also troubled with pain in the side and breast, cough, difficulty of breathing, general debility, &c. and experienced the same astonishing benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills.

CHILLS AND FEVER.

Charles Moulle, living in Locust street between Broad and Juniper, has been afflicted several months with chills and fever, which so preyed upon his constitution that he was reduced to a mere shadow. After trying a variety of remedies without receiving any permanent benefit, was prevailed on by an acquaintance who had been cured of a severe cough and pain in the breast by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills, to try them. Is now happy to state that said Pills not only broke the chills and fever, but restored him in every other respect to a state of sound health. Mr. M. is confident that he is indebted solely to the Indian Vegetable Pills for his restoration to health; and is anxious that all similarly afflicted should know of the wonderful powers of this medicine.

DREADFUL SWELLING OF THE SHOULDER.

Ann Weaver, living at No. 180 Spruce Street, was for several months afflicted with a severe pain and swelling of the shoulder, which not only deprived her of the use of the corresponding arm, but her suffering was often so intense that she seemed at times scarcely able to exist. Notwithstanding various outward applications, still the inflammation, continued with unabated violence, until an accumulation of matter took place, which actually crowded the socket out of place. It is here proper to remark that she had the advice of several skillful physicians, none of whom, however, were able to afford her the slightest relief. At length, when all other means had failed, she, as a last resource, made trial of

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

and after using one 25 cent box, the pain was sensibly diminished. It is needless to add, that after using the medicine a few weeks the *pain and inflammation subsided*. The joint also settled back into its place, and the strength of the arm gradually returned. Is confident that a perseverance in the use of the medicine, and a few months rest would make a perfect cure.

HEADACH AND GIDDINESS.

Charles Hewson, living in Bedford street, between Marlborough and Crown streets, Kensington, has been suffering a long time with pain in the side and breast, headach, giddiness, and many other unpleasant symptoms, has been attended by several physicians, and tried various remedies without the slightest benefit; has been bled, blistered, and cupped, and tortured in every possible manner, without receiving other than partial relief. At length hearing the Indian Vegetable Pills so highly recommended, was prevailed upon by his friends to make trial of them; has now been using them a few weeks and to use his own language, has derived more benefit from them than from all the doctor's stuff he has ever taken. Is now entirely free from all kinds of pain, and his general health so greatly improved that his friends hardly know him. He earnestly invites all invalids to call upon him and thinks he can convince them that said Indian Vegetable Pills will not only restore them to a state of sound health, but that they are the most astonishing medicine ever offered to the public.

COUGH, PAIN OF THE SIDE AND BREAST.

Joseph Bragg, living 255 St. John street near Poplar Lane, has been a sufferer for eighteen years with pains in the side and breast, difficulty of breathing, cough, costiveness, &c. and for thirty years has been troubled with palpitation of the heart, has been attended by some of the best doctors in the city, and tried various remedies without receiving any substantial benefit, had finally lost all hope, when, hearing that the Indian Vegetable Pills were performing some

WONDERFUL CURES,

he resolved to give them a trial, although as he confesses with but little hope of benefit. Strange as it may appear however, the moment he commenced using said Indian Vegetable Pills, the pain in his side and breast began to disappear; has now used four boxes, and the palpitation is entirely stopped, his pains are nearly all gone, and he feels in every respect like a new man; is confident that perseverance in the use of the medicine is all that is wanting in order to restore him to a state of sound health.

His wife also, Mrs. B. has been afflicted many years with

VIOLENT PAIN IN THE SIDE,

extending through to the shoulder blade, indigestion, costiveness, and many other distressing symptoms; and has received the same extraordinary benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills. Although she has taken only a few doses, the pain in her side is nearly gone, and her health in every respect is greatly improved.

AGENTS,

for the sale of the above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Henry Freas, (grocer,) *Germantown.*
John Zimmerman, *Lancaster.*
James Whitehead, (grocer,) *Manayunk.*
James Hagan, (grocer,) *Norristown.*
James Rhea, (Shoe Dealer,) *corner of South and Second Streets, Southwark.*
Mrs. R. Dodd, (Confectioner,) *Market street, North side between Schuylkill Seventh and Eighth.*
Rev. Wm. R. Maxwell, 320 *North Front street, near Laurel, Kensington.*
Samuel Hess, (Grocer,) *corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Vine Streets.*
G. W. Hassell, (Grocer,) *West Philadelphia, near the Permanent Bridge.*
Mr. Pickerton, 44 *Arcade.*
John Dessler, *Frankford Road, near the Railroad Depot.*

OFFICE and GENERAL DEPOT for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia. sep 12—3m

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES. These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Alms houses*, and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice, by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These Preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY, and Inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an aperient Alternative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States.

The following list comprises a portion only, of the more important AGENCIES, viz: Jayne & Pancoast, No. [illegible] Main street, St. Louis, are General Agents for Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Wisconsin; John W. Sheppard, No. 125 Main street, Cincinnati; Helbeck & Potts, Putnam (O.); James George & Co. Louisville; Mathews & Norton, Lexington, Ky.; C. A. Bouat, Nashville; J. H. Eaton, Columbus; and Dr. J. Marion, Knoxville, Tenn.; Fox & Brazier, Natchez; Sickles & Co. N. Orleans; Thompson & Shreeves, Mobile; W. K. Hitchen, Augusta; T. M. & J. M. Turner, Savannah, Geo.; Williams, Haywood & Co. Raleigh, Dr. W. Ware, Wilmington, N. C.; P. M. Cohen & Co. Charleston; and Dr. Ogier, Columbia, S. C.; S. F. Todd, Washington City; Santos & Co. Norfolk; Lyell, Johnson & Lyell, Richmond; J. Crombacker, Wheeling; Dr. J. Cooke, Fredericksburg; J. F. Patterson, Staunton; D. Lyman, Lynchburg & Hopey; Roper & Jones, Petersburg, Va.; G. L. Duhorst & Co. Pratt street, Baltimore; A. Jaynes, Pittsburg, wholesale agent; Martin Lutz, Harrisburg; J. F. Long, Lancaster; G. W. Oakley, Reading, Pa.; John Richey, Trenton; C. W. Badger, Newark; A. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, and S. Broadwell, Patterson, N. J.; A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York city, wholesale agents; S. Van Schaack, Albany; P. L. Barker, Troy; J. E. Warner, Utica; J. J. Foote, Hamilton; Henry Stratton, Rochester; E. L. Underhill, Bath; A. Hemsup, Geneva; Coleman & Co. Buffalo, and H. T. Finch, Fredonia, N. Y.; E. W. Bull, Hartford, Connecticut; J. A. Whitmouth, Providence, R. I.; D. F. Bradlee, Boston; Bliss & Co. Springfield, Massachusetts; W. W. Lincoln, Portland; E. & W. F. Hallett, Augusta; H. P. Pratt, Norridgewock; Smith & Frame, Bangor, and J. Rockford, Eastport, Maine. sep 5—3m

FALL MILLINERY.—Misses Johnstons, No. 206, Chesnut street, will open their Fall Millinery on Tuesday September 29. sep 26-3t*

Sales by Auction.

BY J. L. DOOLITTLE, AUC.
No. 24 North Fourth st. near the Merchants Hotel.

Public Sales—Every Evening. Comprising Hardware—Cutlery, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Combs, Whips, Saddlery, Stationary, Watches, Jewellry, Fancy Articles, &c. &c.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

CARD.—Those having Stocks of Goods, Merchandise and Effects of Deceased Persons to dispose of, will have every facility afforded them in realising the ready Cash.

Appraisements made *Gratis*.

N. B.—Out door Sales of *Household Furniture, Merchandize, &c.* promptly attended to on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Auction Store. my 16—6m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.—The following communication from the Rev. Professor Eaton, of Hamilton College, N. Y. in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of Jayne's Hair Tonic.

Hamilton, Feb. 15th, 1840.

Dr. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir: I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase, and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the "Tonic" from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others; and I was as much surprised as delighted, when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, on such long, at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hope of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic, which (amidst all the *hair humbugs* which have been advertised in the papers,) I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be, and that it *will make the hair grow*, and no mistake, at least on some heads. GEO. W. EATON,

Professor in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. sep 5—3m

JACOB SENNEFF, No. 165 North Second street, between Race and Vine streets, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel—Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Healds, or Harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz:—

Machine Cards of all descriptions, (both Sheet and Filleting) Shuttles, Comb Plate, Bolt Picker and Lace Lantlier, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Frost Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet, Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain of all colors, overlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c. my 2—6m

THE WONDERFUL CURES PERFORMED by DR. H. H. HIGBEE'S REMEDY IN PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, have excited the astonishment of all who have witnessed its admirable effects. The history of medicine, from the earliest ages, furnishes no parallel to the almost miraculous cures effected by this extraordinary medicine. The subjoined letter, from a respectable citizen of Pennsylvania, details one among the innumerable cases in which the remedy has been fully successful.

Philadelphia, April 7th, 1840.

DR. HIGBEE—Dear Sir—With pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to inform you of the astonishing benefit I received from your valuable medicine. About one year past, I received a kick from a horse, but after some months I recovered but while in that weak state I caught a severe cold, and I had a violent cough, and discharged very much from the lungs, and bleeding from the lungs, and very heavy night sweats, and loss of appetite, and reduced to a skeleton. I was told by my physician there was no hope for me, and that I was incurable. My physician told me that I was in the last stage of consumption, and discharged me as incurable. As I was walking out one day for the fresh air, I providentially called into Wm. Constable's Shoe Store, for one of my coughing spells came on, and fearing I should fall in the street, I went in to sit down to rest, for I could hardly walk, even with my cane. He recommended your medicine so strongly, and I having known him for so many years, and that he was a man in whose word I could place the utmost confidence, and as he offered to pay for the medicine if it did not relieve me, I purchased a bottle of your agent in Market street, and before I had taken one bottle I found relief, my cough left me, my appetite returned, my night sweats left me. I continued until I had taken four bottles, and now enjoy as good health as I ever did in my life, and my occupation exposes me very much. Now, sir, I recommend your medicine wherever I go, and tell every person not to delay or to doubt, for if a man so far reduced as I was, and sixty two years of age as I am, can find a cure, the young have no reason to despair. The reason I trouble you with this letter, is because I saw in a newspaper a letter to you from Wm. Constable, and he refers to me as one of the persons he recommended your invaluable medicine to. If this letter can be of any service to encourage the weak to make a fair trial, you are at liberty to use my name, and if need requires, I am ready to affirm to the truth of this statement before any magistrate in this state. I have removed from Milestown to Manyunk.

JOHN ORENSHEAR.

DR. HIGBEE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE is at No. 32 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, below Chesnut. Second office, No. 37 NORTH FIFTH STREET, Philadelphia.—All persons afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Diseases of the Liver, Spleen, Throat, or with Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, &c. are invited to call at Dr. Higbee's offices, and be convinced of the value of his medicine. Price $1 per single bottle, or $5 per half dozen. THIRD COMPOUND, for Children, in cases of Colds, Coughs, Scarlet Fever, Sore Throat, Measles, Hooping Cough, &c. performing an *immediate* cure in nearly every instance, 25 cts per phial.

Observe—The above valuable medicines may be obtained at DR. HIGBEE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 32 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, Second office, No. 37 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, of Bean & Scarlet, Norristown, Pa. Jonas Wise, Lancaster, Pa. John Wyeth, jr. Harrisburg, Pa. J. C. Lockwood, Middleton, Del. and Joseph Scott, Wilmington, Delaware. aug 8—3m

PROSPECTUS of a work entitled "General HISTORY OF THE WORLD, from the earliest times until the year 1831. By Dr. Charles Von Rotteck, Professor in the University of Freiburg, Aulic Counsellor, member of the Chamber of Deputies of the Grand Duchy of Baden, &c. &c. Translated from the German, and continued to 1840. By Frederick Jones, A. M. Illustrated by twenty four Historical Engravings, designed by Heideloff, Dalbon and others,—engraved by J. Sputtall. In four volumes. First American edition. Philadelphia, published by C. F. Stollmeyer.

The work now offered to the public is designed to fill up a great chasm in one—*most important*—department of literature; to satisfy a want felt, not only by the student, by the man left to himself for an education, but also, by the intelligent of all classes of society. It will supply the great mass of the public, who are at present almost necessarily in the dark as to the past World and its destinies, with a complete picture of all the great events relating to the World and to Man from the earliest dawn of history, down to recent times, and we indulge the hope that it will satisfy the universal want of a good General History of the World. We have works, entitled "Histories of the World," or "Universal Histories," it is true, but all of them (we mean those in small forms, and such as are within the reach of the generality of readers) are sadly deficient, ill selected and worse arranged: they could not, according to the ideas of the author of this work, be considered, strictly speaking, General Histories of the World.

The author of this History is celebrated throughout Europe as a *scholar*, as a *statesman* and as a *bold defender of liberty*, and this reputation will certainly be an excellent recommendation of his work to the American public. Although born in Germany, educated in its far famed seats of learning, and breathing a *German* atmosphere, he is not a German alone;—he is a man whom the world may claim. He is no mystic, full of unintelligible useless theories; but a man devoted to practicable objects, to the welfare of his race, and to pure Religion and Morality.

His History has been extensively circulated in Europe, (in the *German, French, Dutch, Swedish*, and *Danish languages*,) and is the most popular one that has ever been published. For, although he may be ranked as the first Historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine, his History is equally fitted for the *Student*, the *Merchant*, the *Farmer*, the *Mechanic*, and the *Professional Man*.

The work will be published in four volumes, octavo,—and contain between sixteen and seventeen hundred pages. It will be printed on paper of the best quality, and bound elegantly and substantially in muslin.

The work will be ready for delivery in November, of this year.

In order to bring this History within the reach of all classes of readers, the publisher has been induced to afford it at the extremely low price of seven dollars ($7.00) per copy, *payable on delivery*.

Whoever collects eight subscribers receives one copy gratis.

Gentlemen who wish to act as agents for this work in the Middle, Western and Southern States, can hear the conditions by addressing a letter to us, post paid.
C. F. STOLLMEYER,
Philadelphia, June, 1840. Letter box 807.
jy 11—4m

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of *Fifth* and *Cherry streets*. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

SLEEPER & BROTHERS, (Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.) No 116 Market street, Philadelphia. Extensive Manufacturers of SILK, GINGHAM & COTTON UMBRELLAS, PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS. Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well as sell as low as any house in this market not excepting the *so styled* "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.
jan 12 '39—tf

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS. To remove those troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion.

Prepared only by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. ap 11—6m

PREMIUM TEETH. The subscriber has received from the American Institute, of New York, and from the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, No. 100 Vine street, Philadelphia.
SAMUEL W. STOCKTON,
jan 25—1y Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of Catharine Huncker, deceased, are requested at once to make payment to the subscriber, and all having claims against the same, will please present them at once for settlement.
JOHN HACKETT, Administrator,
sep 19-6t No. 5 Jefferson Row.

DR. WM. YOUNG'S Infirmary for Diseases of the SKIN, EYE and EAR, instituted in 1830 is removed from 13 South Fourth street, to 152 Spruce street, between Fourth and Fifth, South side.
Philadelphia, Sept. 12, 1840. sep 12—3m

PIEDMONTESE REELS. The Subscriber has for sale Reels of the above celebrated kind at his Store, No. 380 High Street.
aug 15—tf CHARLES CADWALLADER.

COCOONS WANTED.—The Subscriber is prepared to purchase Cocoons, at his Store, No. 380 HIGH STREET, for which the highest prices will be given.
aug 15—tf CHARLES CADWALLADER.

TO PAINTERS.—All kinds of Varnishes, warranted of superior quality, made and sold wholesale and retail, at the old established stand 60 North 4th st. Also, Painters and Artist's materials of first quality, and at reasonable prices. C. SCHRACK.
jy 11—3m*

THE OLIO.

Variety's the sauce of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the United States Gazette.

Samuel Adlum.

BY THOMAS DOVE JOHNSON, M. D.

Alas! he is dumbed.
And narrow casts its weight upon my soul;
Pens, with their many colored robes, have fled:
The harp, whose music held o'er me control—
Its strings are broken. Lully! she is dead!

She I had sung,
To chase my path amid the world of woe;
To light my dark'ning sky with sunny ray,
To give my better feelings unchecked flow—
She left me lonely. Lully! she is dead!

My heart is rending—
It cannot bear the power that o'er it sways.
The grief that pours on torrent o'er my soul!
To tune my woe no tone-hope forth will gush;
My soul is burning. Lully! she is dead!

From life's broad cavity,
Untimely, stormy—with no friendly shore,
Nothing seen, with shrieking sounds spread
Our lurgest to grow—the wish can even no more—
Soon must will follow. Lully! she is dead!

As Anecdote.—We don't know whether the following anecdote is new or old; be that as it may, it having presented itself to us in a new form and in another language—the French—it struck us as being so excellent, that our readers would rejoice at its appearance in these columns.

The celebrated English surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, was one day waited upon by a gentleman afflicted with a tumor on his face, which he was anxious to have removed. The skilful practitioner proceeded, immediately, to operate, and with the usual success ensued. The patient, highly pleased, withdrew without offering the operator the least testimony of gratitude. In the evening, the patient returned and put into the hands of the surgeon, bank notes to the amount of twelve thousand pounds sterling. The amount startled Sir Astley, who was on the point of refusing it, when his client said, I made an oath that I would bring you this evening the amount of gain that I might make on 'change; I have made twelve thousand pounds: here they are: But, suppose you had lost? Then I should have paid you your fee—nothing less.

Polish Nobles.—Were you to see a Polish gentleman travelling, and on horseback, you would not believe that it is the same person. At home, he lives upon salted meat, cabbage, and peas-soup; he drinks nothing but weak beer, and still more detestable brandy. When he travels, it is in his carriage, drawn by four or six horses, escorted by a party of mounted Cossacks, bedaubered with lace, and champagne is his only beverage. At such times nothing is too costly, for the moment a point is to cut a figure. If he has no money, he borrows; the Jews are always ready, and God knows at what interest they furnish it. Of no consideration in the world would a Polish noble renounce his journey to Warsaw, at a certain time of the year, and still less the exact amount which he annually gains there: because his ancestors did so, he must do so: and were he to die, he would think that he was dispensing his most remote duties.—*Auguste Maleisy Life.*

Mental Exertion.—It has been asserted by persons whose intellectual powers were of the highest order, and whose industry was as remarkable as their ability, that more than six or eight hours every day should not be employed effectually by the generality of young men for the purpose of mental improvement. If this be the case—and it is probably not very far from the truth—in vain does the ambitious student rob nature of that sleep which Providence has made necessary for the renovation of the exhausted powers of the mind; and in vain also does he attempt to console somnolescently the efforts of mental attention with bodily exercise, or else can see his soccer studies during the hour of meals. —*Professor Kidd.*

Song.

The sot thy tokens of woes,
The lips, whose rapture dwell,
The hair, like breath thickens,
The sunny bosom's swell
'Tis not the blue eye's brightness
The voice's witching tone,
The motion's stylish like lightness,
Could make me mine own.

Though all the charms that Nature
Hath lavish'd on thy form,
And every winning feature
Might my coldness warm
There could no bard or verse—
Mere beauty cannot move—
And shall we part? Oh, never!
For thine's the matchless love.

Merce tempering Justice.—Lord Kenyon had once to try a woman for stealing in a dwelling-house, to the amount of forty-shillings. At that time such an act was a punishable capital death. It was her first offence, and many extenuating circumstances appeared in the course of the evidence. Lord Kenyon wished to recommend her to mercy; but was, of course, compelled by the law to pass the sentence of death on her. She fainted away immediately when he began: "and you, my unfortunate woman, the kind-hearted Judge cried out—"Good women, good woman, I don't mean to hang her!"—Law and Lawyers.

Kissing with the Window Open.—A Scotch clergyman was deputed by the Edinburgh Presbytery, to rebuke Charles the Second for kissing a married woman. After the usual form of a rebuke had discharged the disagreeable task imposed upon him by the church judicatory, which he performed with much tact, he added, in a confidential whisper, "and the next time your gracious majesty is so far forgets yourself, be pleased to shut the window."

Mortifying.—Our beautiful and truly pathetic lines are going all over the country resident in the Lowell News. Stop them!—they commence with

the moon did its last rain
with a sad air my window—
and then they end with a sigh—
cause there was nothing to hinder
its coming.

Wonderful Effects of Bear's Grease.—There is a mattress maker in this city, who has hit upon an ingenious method of stuffing his mattresses. He rubs the inner side of his ticking now with bear's grease, sews it up, and so quick is the growth of hair caused by the application of the bear's grease, that in the brief space of twenty-four hours, the mattress becomes well stuffed.

Benefit of Dinners.—One day when some one objected to the practice of having dinners for public purposes, "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I call it a wall. "I appears of the dinner system, it puts people in a good humor and makes them agree with their adversaries about any thing."

The Effects of Habit.—A client out in a cotton gay city, in the land of cakes, had a dozen of a couple of days in one week from hot-gutter-monic labors. "Do you know," said he to a friend, "that I have not had sober rest nights last week, and fair very little the worse for it?"

Out of Breath.—When Stella was extremely ill, her physician said, "Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavor to get you up again." Soon answered, "Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get to the top."

Self Perfection.—An acquaintance says, egotistically, that he has no faults, whatever, and only one failing—that is, he is dumb on *pick-and-lenses!*

Fetish into other Fish business.—"What are you doing there?" inquired Jack of Tom, as he caught him peeping through a key hole. "What's that to you?" said Tom: "I don't like to see a person prying into other folks' business."

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

"Thank'ee, sir," said "good bye sir," were said a great many times in a variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and ballbeddays: there were the trees waving in all their pride, and birds and nestle among their leafy branches; the say, entreating them to come and scatter it to the pure air; the green earth gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground, cendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to run and leap, and long walks God knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole closer took to their heels and spread them-selves about, shouting and laughing as they went.

"It's natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor schoolmaster looking after them. "I am very glad they did'nt mind me!"

It is difficult, however, to please everybody, so most of us would have discovered, even without the fable which bears that moral; and in the course of the afternoon several mothers and some of the pupils looked in to express their entire disapproval of the schoolmaster's proceeding. A few confined themselves to hints, such as politely inquiring what red-letter day or saint's day the alarum had its rise in; a few (those were the profound village politicians) argued that it was a slight to the throne and an affront to church and state, and accused of revolutionary principles, to grant a half-holiday upon any lighter occasion than the birthday of the Monarch: but the majority expressed their pleasure on private grounds and in plain terms, arguing that to put the pupils out this short allowance of learning was nothing but a fair act of down-right robbery and fraud: and one old lady, finding that she could not inflame or irritate the peaceable schoolmaster by talking to him, loosened out to Mrs. Pipchin and talked to him for half-an-hour outside his own window, to another old lady, saying that of course he would conduct this half-holiday from his weekly charge, or of course he would naturally expect to have an opposition started against him: there was no lack of idle chaps in that neighborhood (here the old lady raised her voice), and some chaps who were too idle even to be schoolmasters, might open a school and undertake the charge, put over their heads, and so she would have them take care, and look pretty sharp about them. But all these taunts and vexations failed to elicit one word from the meek schoolmaster, who sat with the child by his side,—a little more dejected perhaps, but quite silent and uncomplaining.

Toward night on old woman came tottering up the garden as speedily as she could, and accosting the schoolmaster at the door, said he was to go to Dame Wilson directly, and had been run on before her. He and the child were on the point of going out together for a walk, and without replying to the old woman, or indeed taking any notice of her, he turned his steps toward the cottage of the child's father. On the way, he was overtaken by the old woman, who, with many curtsies and courtesies, informed him that Dame Wilson was in a great taking, and begged he would step that way directly.

"Is anything the matter?" said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as that?"

"Lor bless you, sir," cried the old woman; "my grandson's dying. It's all striving for you. You shouldn't see him now, but for his being so cornered on it. This is what his learning has brought him to, sir. Oh dear, dear, dear, what can I do!"

"Do not cry that I am in any fault," urged the gentle schoolmaster, "for I am not, indeed I am not. No, no. You are in great distress of mind, and don't mean what you say. I am sure you don't."

"I don't," entered the old woman. "I mean it all. If he hadn't been poring over his books out of fear of you, he would have been well and merry now. I know he is sir."

The schoolmaster looked round upon the other women as if to entreat some one among them to say a kind word for the child, but they shook their heads, and muttered to each other that they never thought there was much good in learning, and that this interested. Without saying a word in reply, or giving them a look of reproach, he followed the old woman who had summoned him (and who now seemed quite one) into another room, where his infant friend, half dressed, lay upon a bed.

He was a very young boy: quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright: but their light was of Heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was the dear kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy, raising Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her sick. Ask her if nobody tell me? I don't mean to hang her!"—Law and Lawyers.

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The nothing could cause closer up, and took the little hanged hand in hers. Releasing his hand after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whisper-ed the schoolmaster, kneeling down beside him.

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it then. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the flattering signal to his side-bat, that lay with slate and book and other boyish property upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down upon his pillow, and looked at the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay by his side, whispering that her old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the idle little scholar turned his face toward the wall, and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat to the same place, holding the small hand used to his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that: and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

She slide away as bed as quickly as she could, and when she was alone, gave free vent to the sorrow with which her breast was overcharged. But the sad scene she had witnessed, was not without its lesson of content and gratitude: of content with the lot which left her health and freedom; and gratitude that she was spared to the one relative and friend she loved, and to live and watch in death by that wasted work, when so many young creatures—as young and full of hope as she—were stricken down and gathered to their fathers. How many of the wounds in that old churchyard where she had lately strayed, grew green above the graves of children! And though she thought as a child herself, and did not perhaps sufficiently consider to what a bright and happy existence those who die young are borne, and how in death they have the pain of seeing others die around them, bearing to the tomb some strong affection of their hearts (which makes the old die many times in one long life), still she thought wisely enough, to draw a plain and easy moral from what she had seen that night, and to store it, deep in her mind.

Her dreams were of the little scholar: not suffered and covered up, but mingling with angels, and smiling happily. When new-darting light stole all rays into the room, awoke her; and now there remained but to take leave of the poor schoolmaster, and render him any service in her power.

At the time they were ready to depart, school had begun. In the darkened room, the din of yesterday was going on again: and the awkward and ashamed dame, perhaps, but only a very little, of at all. The schoolmaster rose from his desk and walked with them to the gate.

It was with a hesitating and reluctant hand, that the child held out to him the money which the lady had given her at the races for the purpose: laboring in her thanks as she thought how small the sum was, and blushing as she offered it. But he bade her put it up, and stepping to him her clutch, turned back into her house.

They had not gone half-a-dozen paces when he was at the door again, beckoning to them to step to shake hands, and the child did the same.

"Good fortune and happiness go with you!" said the poor schoolmaster. "If you ever pass this way again, you'll not forget the little village school."

"We shall never forget it, sir," rejoined Nell; "nor ever forget to be grateful for your kindness to us."

"I have heard such words from the lips of children very often," said the schoolmaster, shaking his head, and smiling thoughtfully, "but they were soon forgotten. I had almost said so to this young friend to me, the better friend for being young—but that's error—God bless you!"

They bade him farewell very many times, and turned away; walking slow at first, and often looking back, until they could see him no more. At length they had left the village far behind, and were lost sight of in the woods. Then they trudged onward now, at a quicker pace, resolving to keep the main road, and go wherever it might lead them.

But main roads stretch a long, long way. With the exception of two or three inconsiderable clusters of cottages which they passed, without stopping, and one lonely road-side public-house where they had some bread and cheese, this highway had led them to nothing—but on—on—on—and still lengthened out, far in the distance, the same dull, tedious, winding course, that they had been pursuing all day. Nell felt sick at the sorrow, however, but to go forward, they still kept on, though at a much slower pace, being weary and fatigued.

The afternoon had worn away into a beautiful evening, when they arrived at a point where the road made a sharp turning, and where a rustic bridge crossed a little brook. On the border of this common, and close to the hedge which divided it from the cultivated fields a caravan was drawn up to rest: upon which, by reason of its unusual appearance, and suddenly that they could not have avoided it if they would.

It was not a shaggy, dingy, dusty cart, but a smart little house upon wheels, with white dimity curtains festooning the windows, and window-shutters of green painted wood, with traces of a staring red, in which happily contrasted colors the whole concern shone brilliant. Neither was it a mere caravan drawn by a single horse, but a roomy shod horse, for a pair of horses in pretty good condition were released from the shafts and turned loose upon the herbage, and from a dirty gipsy caravan, for at the open door (graced with a bright brass knocker) sat a christian lady, neat and comfortable to look upon, who was taking the bonnet trembling with hows. And that it was not an unprovided or destitute caravan was clear from the smoke which curled from a little tin chimney, and the savory steam of cooking, which stole upon the pleasant one of taking tea. The tea-things, including a bottle of rather suspicious character and a cold knuckle of ham were all spread upon a drum, covered with a white napkin: and there, as if at the most convenient round-table in all the world, sat this roving lady, taking her tea with a good deal of elegance.

It happened that at that moment the lady of the caravan had her cup (which, that everything about her might be of a sized and comfortable kind, was a breakfast cup,) to her lips, and that having her eyes lifted to the sky in her enjoyment of the full flavor of the tea, and the meditation possibly with just the slightest dash or gleam of something out of the suspicious bottle—but this is mere supposition, and we have nothing to do with history—it happened that being thus agreeably engaged, she did not see the travellers when they came down the hill. It was only when, at the end of a set of setting down the cup, and drawing a long breath after the exertion of causing the contents to disappear, that the lady of the caravan looked on old man and a young child walking slowly by, and glancing at her proceedings with eyes of the most wistful longing imaginable.

"Hey?" cried the lady of the caravan, stopping the crumbs out of her lap and swallowing the same before any more fell upon it again, for I don't like to see flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now,—won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—very, very faintly —and put his hand upon his friend's grey head. He meeted his lips too, but no voice came from them, no, not a whisper.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green.

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm drooped powerless down.

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She slide away as bed as quickly as she could, and when she was alone, gave free vent to the sorrow with which her breast was overcharged. But the sad scene she had witnessed, was not without its lesson of content and gratitude: of content with the lot which left her health and

as he leaned upon his staff, and vainly tried to purse the dusty distance.

The lady of the caravan was in the act of gathering her tea equipage together preparatory to clearing the table, but seeing the child's sad-ness manner she hesitated and stopped. The child caught, thanked her for the information, and, giving her hand to the old man, (and already got some fifty yards or so, away, when the lady of the caravan called to her to return.

"Come nearer, nearer still"—said she, beckoning to her to ascend the steps. "Are you hungry, child?"

"Not very, but we are tired, and it's—it's a long way"—

"Well, hungry or not, you had better have some tea," rejoined her new acquaintance. "I suppose you are agreeable to that, old gentleman?"

The grandfather humbly pulled off his hat and thanked her. The lady of the caravan then bade him come up the steps likewise; but the figure preering an inconvenient table for two, they descended again, and did upon the grass, where she and the child sat down among the tea things, and the bottle, the knuckle of ham, and in short everything of which she had partaken herself, except the bread and butter, which she produced on opportunity of slipping into her pocket.

"Sir," "on cut near the kind whistle, child, that's the best plan"—said their friend, superintending the arrangements from above. "Now hand up the teapot for a little more hot water, and a pinch more of tea, and then both of you eat and drink as much as you can, and don't spare anything: that's all I ask of you."

They sought perhaps have carried out the lady's wish: if it had been as freely expressed, or even if it had not been expressed at all. But as this direction reflected them from any shadow of distrust, and as they were made a hearty meal and enjoyed it to the utmost.

While they were thus engaged, the lady of the caravan was slighted at the table, and with her hands clasped behind her, and her large bonnet trembling extensively, walked up and down in a measured tread and very much interested in the subject. Whenever she came to the turn with an air of calm delight, and desiring particular gratulations upon the beauty of the evening, and the like, which were soon forgotten.

"Well, and how find the cold pie, George?" "It wasn't eatable.

"And the beer," said the lady of the caravan, with an appearance of being more interested in the question than the last: "is it passable, George?"

"It's worse flatterer than it might be," George, returned: "but it has been bad for all that."

To set the mind of his mistress at rest, he took a sip (amounting in quantity to a pint or thereabouts) from the other bottle, and then smacked his lips, winked his eye, and nodded his head. No doubt with the same amiable desire, he immediately resumed his walk to and fro, a practical resistance that the beer had wrought no bad effect upon his appetite.

The lady of the caravan looked on approvingly for some time, and then said,

"Have you nearly finished?"

"Very nearly, my dear. And indeed, after scraping the dish all around with his knife and carrying the cheese bowman upside to his mouth, and also the bread, and after looking into the bottle that, by no-dress almost imperceptible to the sight, his head went farther and farther back until he lay nearly at his full length upon the ground, George returned to his former quiet demeanor, and came forth from his retreat.

"I hope I haven't hurried you, George," said the lady of the caravan who appeared to be gazing pattily with his late pursuit.

"If you have," returned the follower, wisely grasping at the only excusable answer to a question that might occur, "we must make it up next time, that's all."

"We are not a heavy load, George?"

"That's always what the ladies say," replied the man, looking a way round, as if he were appealing to the horses in general against such misrepresentation. "But we're not a heavy load, enough for her. If cattle have got their proper load, you never can persuade a woman that they'll not move something more. What is the cause of this love?"

"Would these two travellers make much difference?" cried the lady, in reply to the philosophical inquiry, and pointing to Nell and the old man, who were gradually preparing to resume their journey on foot.

"They'd make a difference, in course," said George, elegantly.

"They might make much difference" repeated his mistress. "They can't be very heavy."

"The weight o' the pair, mum," said George, after looking at them for a few moments, and calculating within half an ounce or oh, "would be a little under that of Oliver Cromwell."

The lady of the caravan looked at the man (who should be so accurately acquainted with the weight of one whom she had read of in books as dressed but little more than a century ago), and her repulsion of alien elements, resuming every assault from without to the shape of hostile invasion, she hastily called to the travellers to stop, and forbidding the introduction of new and foreign matters, she should not see so much mystery in the child's appearance, and so forth, as to hinder their state far from it. They are neither a united and independent nature, nor a parasitic growth, but are, in fact, unaffiliated and crumbled into fragments; but, like broken globules of quicksilver, instinct with a cohesive power, they rapidly coalesced, and formed a single organic, topography, atom, genius, politics, and foreign help, do not explain their existence; time and climate equally have no hold upon them, and it. None of these are or can be the springs of their peculiarity. They have been spread over earth, part of it quite peopled, and they have lived under the regime of every dynasty: they have shared the production of just laws, the pressure of cruel ones, and witnessed the rise and progress of both; they have used every tongue, and have lived in every latitude. The zones of England have clothed, and the sons of England have shielded them.

Africa have seen their dusky children. The Thames, the Tiber, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every century, and in every degree of latitude and longitude, on the face of the earth, as with any other race. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried the men that constructed them in the dust of ages, but they have survived. The fatal fangs pierced deeply into the land, and her streams of agony as she slept gored backward from her, told me the dreadful truth.

Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent steal-ing away from the mouth of the fearful cavern, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him in pieces upon the jagged rock. The grasp of my wife now swelled on my hand, and in the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand, and it deepened under the torture, as I held her arm. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of the wounded limb became unendurable to my wife, and she sunk down exhausted by my side. Weak and exhausted as I was, I had yet strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest cottage, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down at the bank, while I supported her head upon my breast. But the effect had passed away, and most cause near us —and there—alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died!

Making Game.—A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not on," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are no *plume-ge-a partridge.*" "A fowl," rejoined the lady. "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now a fowl you actually make game of me."

O'Connell's Eloquence.

Among the Censorial and one descriptions of the eloquence of Erin's champion, which have been made to reach their appearance in the journals, we have never seen any thing that equalled the subjoined, by the London correspondent of the American:—

In no one of whom I had heard and read so much, was I ever so disappointed as in Daniel O'Connell. Instead of the orator I expected, I found I suppose him to be a vulgar, ranting demagogue, exceedingly repulsive in his manners, and with whose coarse wit and pungent sarcasm you might be amused, but whose conduct you would instinctively shun like the touch of the plague. But, judging from frequent observation of him in public and private, I must pronounce him, in spite of my prejudices, a genuine gentleman. His manners are frank, and though not fastidiously polished, are liberal and courteous. It is only in the fierce conflicts of partisan strife, or when repelling some gross personal assault, that that terrible tongue of sarcasm, which is said to be so well known how to direct, is opened and in full blaze. I have been astonished at the variety, compactness and unanimity of the digest of a royal priesthood—crouching, cringing, squeezing, grasping, on the exchange, in the shop, in the world, with nothing but love for them to pick up and notwithstanding, in the synagogue, looking back along many thousand years to an ancestry, by one of whom the last of our royal princes is but one of yesterday; regarding, justly, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as their great progenitors, and pressing forward, on the wings of faith and hope and promise, to a long-expected day when they, now kings and princes in disguise, shall become so in fact and in their own land. I never saw a people in a degeneration the most sublime. The people are a perpetual miracle—a living echo of Heaven, which shall of one generation to another.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Farewell.

BY ESTELLE.

Yes! the last farewell is spoken,
Tears of love have dimm'd our eyes,
Vows that scarcely have been broken,
Mingled with our latest sighs:
Lingering hands are torn asunder,
Quivering lips must part together,
While each heart is overcharged with sorrow,
Till from the eye it flows in tears.

Yes! our parting hour is over,
Farewell!

Hands in hand we've lingered weeping
Long upon the shore, and alone!
The hope we've cherished with fondness
Of the watery wilderness,
Vows we've made, and fondly broken,
Felt this bosom with the swell
Of the deep emotion which
Rack that fearful word—Farewell!

While that stately vessel sweeping
Over the deep her lonely way,
Threw pictures on the eye and weeping
On the cheek to many a sweet lay,
Would I might such and thoughts quell
Thereafter that home we've left behind,
Clinging to this word—Farewell.

Whittier's Legends of New-England.

In one of my hunting excursions almost on the borders of Canada, I was roused early one morning—it was just at this time of the year —I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the northwest shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches near us. I had left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game; and on my return, a ragged ledge of rocks, interspersed with sterile and desolate trees, I was startled by a quick scream. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattle snake, coiling himself, as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of my wife, and she stood transfixed to every limb. I knew not why, but I stood still and looked at the deadly serpent with the same fascination that a bird looks at the fatal weasel his call, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his keen eye upon me. I thought I felt my blood curdling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experience, fell over me. I looked around me, and found that I was still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to lengthen, and he lay perfectly